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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

It is safe to say that there has been no crisis in which the public opinion of the English people has been so definitely opposed to war as it is at this moment. The consternation in the world of German finance, the closing of almost every Stock Exchange in Europe, including that of London, are enough to explain the pacific spirit of the world of finance and commerce. The British working-classes have as much reason to dread a war of this kind as the Socialists of Germany, who are holding monster meetings. This spirit is reflected in the House of Commons, and it is everywhere recognized that a Minister who led this country into war would be responsible for a war as causeless and unpopular as any war in history, and that he would cease to lead the Liberal Party. It is, of course, out of the question that Parliament should rise while foreign affairs remain in a critical condition, and all arrangements will have to be revised in consequence.

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THERE is one body which can speak for Liberal opinion with promptness and with authority. We would urge the Committee of the National Liberal Federation to meet at once, and to put before the Government the opinions that are held by ninety-nine out of every hundred Liberals in the country.

THE answer of Servia to the Austrian ultimatum was delivered on Saturday afternoon. According to a version published in Paris, M. Pashitch conceded nine points out of ten. He agreed to express regret for the anti-Austrian propaganda fostered by his country, to publish condemnations of this propaganda in the official gazette and in an army order, to dismiss officers and officials who had any share in it, to suppress newspapers which encouraged it, to try Servians who had a share in the Serajevo plot, and finally to suppress the great patriotic Pan-Serb organization, the Narodna Obrana. He did not, however, bind himself to dismiss out of hand any officers whom Austria might denounce as blame-worthy, nor would he agree to the participation of Austrian agents in the trial of the conspirators, and to their supervision of his police measures. He would, however, agree to communicate with these agents in the course of the inquiry, and he offered to submit to The Hague any question as to whether the steps agreed upon had been loyally carried out. On receipt of this reply, the Austrian Minister at once left Belgrade, Servia began to mobilize, and on Tuesday Austria issued her formal declaration of war. The Servian Government has withdrawn its seat to Nisch, and Belgrade (with the bridge over the Save blown up) is left undefended. The Austrians began the actual war by capturing some Servian river ships and throwing a few shells into Belgrade, an unfortified town, which ought not to be liable to bombardment.

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THE general judgment on Austria's conduct of the dispute is that she was resolved on war from the first, that she deliberately formulated excessive demands, and that after the submissive and correct answer of Servia, no case whatever for war exists. Austria, in the attempt to justify war, has fallen back on her general case against Servia, which is undoubtedly a strong one, and practically ignores Servia's submission. In a manifesto, published on Wednesday, the Emperor accuses Servia of ingratitude for Austrian neutrality during the Balkan wars, of hatred towards Austria and his House, and of a design to tear from Austria the Bosnian provinces. An official memorandum, issued to the European press, gives some facts to justify this latter assertion. It is stated that the National Union (Narodna Obrana) was an organization under the official Servian control, that Servian generals were at its head, that it was engaged in smuggling arms into Bosnia, that it preached insurrection there, and finally that it systematically trained and organized "comitadjis" in the arts of guerilla warfare, and was openly preparing by propaganda and by more material means for the war of "liberation." In spite of the notorious unreliability of the Austrian Secret Service, and its bad record for the invention of non-existent plots, it is generally true that Servia avowed her purpose of one day attempting to take Bosnia, and may well have repeated there the methods which she used to practice in Macedonia. But her reported submission to the Austrian ultimatum is a new fact, which obliterates these past provocations and indiscretions.

A WEEK of obscure negotiations has brought Europe to the verge of a general war. No nation desires it—or will. It will raise, if it comes, no issue which touches any people outside the Balkans. It will be an automatic and mechanical consequence of the working of treaties of alliance. As we write, the position is that the British plan for mediation has failed, though our Foreign Office is still maintaining direct communication with all the Powers. But at Berlin, St. Petersburg, and Paris, the concern is no longer with proposals for settling the Austro-Servian dispute. Each Power is watching the other's preparations for mobilization.

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RUSSIA has started mobilization, whether it is partial or general is still apparently in doubt. The German Emperor, it is understood, has sent his brother to St. Petersburg, which is an augury for peace. Any hour may bring with it the German decision to mobilize. France, hoping ardently for peace, is waiting on that event. Under the screen of secrecy, all the Powers are taking precautionary measures towards mobilization. It is stupefying to learn that this country is no exception to the rule. Not only has our First Fleet taken the sea—a step which, according to Reuter, has greatly encouraged Russia—but the Special Reserve has been called out, a meaningless precaution, unless in some contingency the despatch of an expeditionary corps to the Continent were contemplated. We are liable by treaty for the defence of Belgian neutrality, but we have no other military commitment. These preparations can but add to the general unrest, and convey to our friends of the Triple Entente the suggestion of eventual support, which no British Government dare give. Our rôle is that of mediator. The Labor Party have spoken for the country in declaring that in this Continental trouble we must remain neutral.

* * *

SIR EDWARD GREY promptly took the obvious course to limit and localise the conflict. The text of the Servian reply, as he told the Commons on Monday, was a basis on which friendly and impartial Powers might arrange a settlement. He proposed, as the instrument of mediation, a conference in London of the Ambassadors of the four disinterested Powers. France and Italy at once agreed to join him. Germany, on the other hand, while favorable to the idea of mediation, held that a Conference was too formal, and that Austria could not be expected to come before a "tribunal" of the Powers. Germany is obviously bound to be reticent, but the consequence is that no one knows how far she is putting pressure on her ally. Austria has refused to suspend her military measures in the interests of mediation, but professes herself ready to welcome Sir Edward Grey's efforts to localise the conflict. It cannot, however, be localised unless it is limited, and the Austrian declaration that she has no intention of annexing territory is far from meeting the case.

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THE Russian standpoint has not been defined in any official statement. At some point she will feel compelled to intervene to save Servia, but the breaking point is, so far, unknown. It is said that General Sukhonlinoff has told the Council of Ministers that she is ready for war. She has ordered the mobilization of fourteen army corps near the Austrian frontier; the Tsar has assumed the nominal command, and lights are extinguished as if for war in the Black Sea. Feeling in St. Petersburg is said to be bellicose, but careful observers detect great moderation in official circles. It is suggested that Russia would allow Austria to occupy Belgrade, if the invasion of

Servia went no further, and if the terms of peace were compatible with Servian independence. Direct negotiations went on for several days between Austria and Russia, but were, on Wednesday, broken off by the former. The Austrian contention is that she is engaged in a mere "punitive expedition," and she refuses to admit that she has endangered European peace. Germany is ready to hold her hand until Russia orders a general mobilisation, and as yet Russia has not called up the reserves of her Northern army corps. France equally is in no hurry. Italy, if her press may be trusted, will remain neutral.

* * *

MEANWHILE, the risk of a general war darkens the whole life of the Continent. Belgium and Holland, fearing for their neutrality, have begun military preparations to defend it. The Bourses of St. Petersburg, Amsterdam, Vienna Budapest, and the Paris "coulisse" are closed. There is a run on the German savings banks. Gold is being hoarded in France. There is a general fall in securities affecting stocks far outside the area of war; Canadian Pacifics, for example, fell 15 points on Tuesday. War at harvest-time means scarcity of food, and already, even in this country, the price of flour has risen. Seven failures were announced on Wednesday on the London Stock Exchange. It remains to record that strenuous efforts for peace are being made by the Socialists of all the Powers which might be involved in a general war. The French and Italians call for the summoning of the Chambers. The International Bureau is meeting in Brussels to concert general action. In Paris there have been noisy street demonstrations against war. In Berlin the Socialists have conducted gigantic demonstrations in every ward of the city, so popular and so well-organized that one of them alone is said to have been attended by 70,000 persons. In no country, if war should come, will the reservists enter the ranks with enthusiasm, and a general war might well end in a general revolution.

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WHEN the House of Commons met on Thursday, Mr. Asquith said that, in view of the great gravity of the situation, the Government had decided to postpone the Amending Bill. He had come to this decision after consulting with the Leader of the Opposition, who agreed that it would be injurious to discuss an acute controversy in the House of Commons at such a time. It is generally believed that the Home Rule Bill will now become law, and that efforts will be made in the autumn to reach a compromise.

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A TERRIBLE event, which will long be remembered in Irish history, occurred in Dublin on Sunday last. A cargo of 3,000 rifles and a large quantity of ammunition had been safely landed at Howth, some eight miles from Dublin, and the Irish Volunteers were carrying off this spoil when they encountered a force of police and two companies of the King's Own Scottish Borderers at Fairview. The Coastguard had given warning by telegraph and telephone, and the soldiers and police had been sent with the greatest despatch in reply. The Volunteers, anxious to avoid any breach of the peace, altered their route, but the soldiers and police were sent to meet them by another road, and the two forces were soon face to face. The police ordered the Volunteers to give up their arms; the Volunteers refused, and resisted. Before any violence occurred, Mr. Darrell Figgis, who was in command, pointed out to the Assistant Commissioner of Police that the illegality consisted in the gun-running, that he was responsible for it, and that measures could be taken against him. It is clear from Mr. Asquith's

statement in the House of Commons, that Mr. Darrell Figgis was entirely in the right. The Assistant Commissioner, however, persisted. The police used their truncheons, the soldiers their bayonets, and the Volunteers the butt-end of their rifles. The Volunteers, concerned only to save their rifles, scattered, carrying off their spoil with great skill, and the police returned with a mere handful. Two of the soldiers were shot, but apparently not by Volunteers, but by bystanders. The first episode had ended, the Volunteers had made good their prize, though some of them had received serious bayonet wounds, and the soldiers and police prepared to march back into Dublin.

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So far, thanks to the self-restraint of the Volunteers, no life had been taken. The event, however, had a dreadful sequel. Rumors flew to Dublin, and it was generally believed that the Volunteers had been savagely handled. As the soldiers approached the city they were followed by a crowd, and angry taunts and recriminations were flung about; the crowd threw stones, some soldiers fired, and three persons were killed and thirty wounded. Of the killed, one was a woman and one was a boy; of the wounded, a considerable proportion were children. As usual, the accounts of what had happened conflicted. Mr. Asquith stated in the House of Commons on Monday that no order was given to fire. One eye-witness, an ex-soldier, who tried to save the lives of the women and children round him, says, on the other hand, that the firing was in volley. Mr. Asquith stated further that every soldier was hit; but it is stated by the "Daily Chronicle" correspondent that no stones were found in the streets at 8.30 next morning. One of the soldiers, interviewed by the "Daily Mail" correspondent, put their wounded at fifteen. No soldier lost his life. The indignation of the people of Dublin made it necessary to confine the soldiers to barracks, and the Irish Volunteers drew a cordon round the barracks to protect them. The regiment, by an unhappy fatality—if that word is permissible in this context—consisted largely of Orangemen recruited in Belfast and Glasgow.

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WHEN the House of Commons met on Monday, it was clearly impossible to proceed with the Amending Bill. Mr. Redmond raised the question of the Dublin atrocity in a speech marked by great self-restraint, in which he emphasized the gross injustice and the difference of the treatment to the two bodies of Volunteers. (At the moment when the authorities were attempting to disarm the Irishmen at Howth, the Orangemen were marching through Belfast on parade in full armor). He demanded the dismissal of the head of the police, Sir John Ross, who is in bad odour on account of his part in the Larkin proceedings; a full judicial inquiry; the punishment of all who were found guilty; the removal of this regiment from Ireland; for the revocation of the Arms Proclamation.

* * *

MR. BIRRELL, in reply, stated that Mr. Harrel had acted on his own responsibility; that he had hastened to take these steps without waiting for Dublin Castle; that he had exercised his statutory right of calling upon the military; that the Under-Secretary had sent a minute to his office warning him that he had taken this action on his own responsibility; Mr. Harrel had been suspended, and Sir John Ross had been asked whether he had associated himself with this proceeding when he knew of it. On Wednesday, in answer to further questions, Mr. Birrell explained that the Under-Secretary's minute was dated as late as 5 o'clock.

MR. BONAR LAW attacked Mr. Birrell bitterly for his treatment of Sir John Ross, and for condemning Mr. Harrel before he had heard what he had to say. He observed with some point that the Under-Secretary's office might have been a good deal prompter in dealing with the situation; he laid the blame of what had happened at the door of the Government, who had surrendered to lawlessness in Ulster, and he quoted Mr. Asquith's statement of the unprecedented outrage at Larne, contrasting his language with his actions. Mr. Asquith defended himself by declaring that the importation of arms had been reduced to insignificant proportions by the measures he had taken, and for this reason he would not consent to withdrawing the proclamation. The most remarkable feature of Mr. Asquith's speech was a statement, on which we comment elsewhere, that he felt no doubt that the soldiers would emerge with credit to themselves and to the Army.

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THE inquest on the victims was opened on Tuesday. Medical evidence was given to the effect that the man who had been killed had been bayoneted before and behind, and afterwards shot in the back. On Thursday evidence was taken from bystanders, who denied that the crowd was dangerous. The major in command of the soldiers stated that he gave no order to fire, but that he told three or four men to load and to be ready to fire. He was about to address the crowd when a soldier—not, he believed, one of these men—fired a shot. Fifteen or sixteen shots were fired afterwards. Of his men, of whom there were about a hundred and fifty, twenty reported themselves to the doctor, of whom seven were taken to the hospital. He thought every man had been hit.

* * *

THE propaganda of the Constitutional Suffragists is being met by an organized boycott, which calls for investigation. Contracts have been made with the advertising firms for the display in London tubes of a beautiful and telling poster, of which the moral was that women demand the vote in order to deal with infant mortality. At the same time the National Union had arranged for the display of an advertisement of itself and its organ the "Common Cause," in the 'buses of the London General Company. Both contracts have been cancelled. Messrs. Willing explain that they allow no controversial advertisements. Why, then, did they accept the poster in the first instance, and how came it that a peculiarly offensive anti-Suffragist poster, depicting the Suffragette's home, for so long disfigured Tube stations? These firms, if they have acted spontaneously, have shown a partizanship unusual in business men. But did they act spontaneously? That question must be put, (1) because Sir Edward Troup, in a Home Office circular to wholesale newsagents, has warned them against circulating the militant organ; and (2) because Mr. McKenna has advised the owners of public halls not to let them to the militant society. Such action, improper and indefensible in itself, is doubly so because it gives the signal for an indiscriminating boycott of all Suffrage propaganda, and forms a precedent which may be turned any day against any movement of which the Government of the day disapproves. A question on the subject on Thursday elicited from Mr. McKenna the strange information that Scotland Yard vetoes political advertisements on public carriages. Why? And who decides what advertisements are political? This new censorship calls for some further investigation.

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[We shall publish next week an article by Mr. Norman Angell on the European situation.—ED. NATION.]

Politics and Affairs.

THE PART OF ENGLAND.

NOR for the first nor even for the second time in the history of this decade, the theory and practice of the Balance of Power has brought us within sight of Armageddon. There is no country in all Europe with which we in England have so few ties, social, commercial, or sentimental, as with Serbia. We suppose there may be half-a-dozen Englishmen who can speak Servian, a score or two who have visited Serbia, and as many hundreds who in their lives have once by chance met a Serb. It is a country which has given nothing to European culture. Its fame rests on a regicide, and its victories on a fratricidal war. Yet the Balance of Power, which Bright called the foul idol of our diplomacy, is so nicely poised that a quarrel which this half-civilized and by no means innocent little people has brought upon itself by its own folly and chauvinism, threatens to embroil a Continent, and might if our Imperialists had their way—incredibly monstrous as is the idea—involve us also. We believe for our part that peace will be kept among the Great Powers. But the mere risk and chance of a general war has greatly disturbed the normal tenor of life throughout Europe. The first precautionary preparations must have cost millions, and the disturbance to business and credit millions more. If the sky by a miracle were to clear to-morrow, the material loss and the moral damage would weigh upon us all for months to come. Nor is it a splendid and chivalrous passion for justice which explains this folly. It is not a disinterested rage, because a little State is being bullied, which moves men in Paris and in London, nor indignation at Serbia's misdeeds which stirs them in Berlin. On the merits of the case, we are all more or less at one. No one in Western Europe thinks that Serbia is innocent, but no one thinks that after her concessions, she has deserved the chastisement of war. The issue is something less human, and far less intelligible than that. It is simply whether a Power belonging to the Triple Alliance shall exercise in the Balkans a sort of hegemony which is claimed by another Power belonging to the Triple Entente. There is the offence; here and now lies the sacrifice to the foul idol which the folly of Europe has raised above its altar. There lies the risk of a general war, and there, too, lies the reason why mediation is so difficult to set in motion. No Power is neutral. Every Power is committed in some degree to the thesis of its implicated ally or friend. A Concert cannot be set up precisely because every Power is a partisan from the beginning. To this country falls the natural duty of mediation, and Sir Edward Grey has seized the chance. But just because we too are in some degree involved in this disastrous system, our mediation carries much less than its proper moral weight.

Remote as the Servians are from any interest or sentiment of ours, we are far from suggesting that their fate does not concern us. The German thesis that the quarrel involves no one save Austria and Serbia, is, to

our minds, the negation of any hopeful conception of human solidarity. Nor do we understand the more usual view held in this country, that we may be indifferent while only Serbia is engaged, but should be interested if Russia were also involved. No breach of the common state of peace in Europe can leave any people indifferent. Even a war against a minor antagonist must have profound reactions. The Stock Exchange has already begun to measure them. When the news comes, slowly and gradually, that regiments of unoffending peasants have been mown down, when the correspondents tell us (as doubtless they will) that every rule of humanity has once more been violated, a simple instinct in us all will make an end of these distinctions. It is the fault of Serbia herself that she cannot profit more directly by the natural sentiment that condemns all war and hates all bullying. The merits of the question itself are too mixed. The broad fact is that Serbia has set her will upon the acquisition of provinces that belong in fact to Austria. How far any direct guilt can be traced to Belgrade for the crime at Serajevo, we do not know. But, without a doubt, official Serbia has encouraged a propaganda which aimed at disturbing the peace of these provinces, thwarted their normal political development, and hoped one day to raise an insurrection in them against Austrian rule. So much, it might be said, was urged with equal truth by this same Austria against Savoy in the days of the Italian Risorgimento.

For our part, we cannot think of Serbia as our fathers thought of Savoy. Servian culture, for one thing, is not Italian culture. Nor is Austrian rule in Bosnia, indifferent though it is, what Austrian rule was in Lombardy. But the real difference is this: Italy was wholly Italian; Bosnia and the other coveted Austrian provinces, Serb though they are in race, are only one-third Serb in politics and creed. The two-thirds of their population who are Catholics and Moslems, would have everything to lose and nothing to gain by a Servian success. So far, then, as Austria insists that Serbia must act in the future as a good and peaceful neighbor, she is within her technical rights, and we doubt whether the larger moral claims of nationality can be urged against them. There was every justification for the presentation to Serbia of large demands in a firm tone. But there was no case for a hasty ultimatum. Above all, there is no case for war after Serbia's submissive reply. She had conceded all that even a sorely-wronged Power had the right to claim, and even to the few points in the Austrian Note which imposed impossibly heavy conditions, her answer was not a categorical refusal. Right in substance at the opening of the quarrel, Austria has put herself in the wrong by her violent and precipitate action. She has shown that she was resolved at all costs upon war, and in so resolving she lit a torch which threatens more than the thatched cottage of unlucky, but by no means innocent, Serbia.

On the course of events in the next few days public opinion in this country can have little effect. A moment may come at which Russia will move, and if that moment should come, the reply from Germany and the counter-reply from France will follow automatically. Every-

thing will depend on the extent to which Austria is resolved to chastise the Serbs, and that, again, will depend mainly on the attitude of the Kaiser. Were Austria to content herself with the easy feat of occupying undefended Belgrade, were she prepared at that early stage of the war to accept mediation and to dictate moderate terms of peace, we do not believe that Russia would mobilize fully or declare war. But the conflict cannot be localized unless it is also limited. Sir Edward Grey is the natural mediator, but it is from Germany that the effective pressure must come to enforce the acceptance of mediation. If the Kaiser's Government were prepared to back Austria in a war of conquest and unsettlement which would make Serbia the dependent satellite of Austria, we question whether any effort of diplomacy would avail to keep Russia neutral. There lies the real risk, and on Germany falls the heaviest responsibility. The peace of Europe is in the Kaiser's keeping, and after him it has most to hope from his Socialist subjects, who are doing their utmost to render the crime of a general war unpopular and impossible. Events are not in a conspicuous degree in our country's control, and our one duty is to press mediation with all the adroitness and firmness of which our diplomacy is capable.

There our rôle must absolutely end. The suggestion conveyed in the articles of the "Times" and the "Morning Post," and even in certain needless, dangerous, and ill-advised naval precautions, that the appalling contingency of a general war might make a case for our own armed action, is the language of sheer insanity. We do these writers the credit of supposing that they argue that the fear of our armed intervention might conduce to the general peace. On the contrary, the knowledge that we were prepared to back her is the one thing which might induce Russia to make war, and there the whole danger lies. We have no British interests in the Balkans—none. We should prefer that no Power exerted a hegemony there. But if hegemony there is, it is nothing to us whether it be wielded by Austrians or Russians. Indeed, of the two Powers, we think Austria, on the whole, the better and more civilizing influence. We are neither Germans nor Slavs. If the crime of a racial war is destined to come, there is no call of the blood which can involve us. The more we deplore the tragedy, the more clear is our duty to keep aloof from it. Men may argue, as they contemplate the world of European morals, that there are some wrongs which, even at the cost of our peace, we ought, if we had the power, to prevent. But the issue of a Slav or German hegemony in the Balkans is far from being one of them. Such talk as this will not prevent a general war. On the contrary, it paralyzes the only chance there is that our mediation may avert the calamity which threatens a continent. Powerful as our Navy is it cannot impose peace upon Continental armies. Our only effective power is moral, the power of a nation which is hampered by no avowed alliance, and committed to neither party in this upheaval of racial and national hatred. Every article, every word which suggests that we are a military factor in the Triple Entente weakens the only gift which we

have to bring to Europe. We are free, we are impartial; we have a Foreign Minister who commands general respect. Our influence is gone, our impartiality compromised, from the moment when it is even hinted that our sword may be thrown into the Russian scale. That our statesmen should dream of sharing with one ship or one battalion in the immense and irrational crime of a general war for a local end that touches no real interest of Western Europe, is an absurdity which we need not discuss. The only risk is that light-spoken words, the froth of an academic theory, may diminish our weight as the peacemakers and mediators of a distracted and sundered Europe.

A TRUCE IN IRELAND.

MUCH has happened in the last few days to steady and to sober the passions of politics. Europe is within sight of the appalling catastrophe that has haunted the imagination of all her peoples for half a century—on the brink of the event to avert which millions of unhappy men and millions of unhappy women have made bitter and hateful sacrifices out of their poverty and their freedom. At such a moment, to weaken, by nursing the spirit of faction, the authority of England as a power for peace would be an act of treason, not only to her own interests, but to the interests of the unfortunate races who may be saved by her influence, and if the spirit of faction is put aside, can anybody pretend that the problem of an Irish settlement is beyond the resources of statesmanship?

Nearer home, too, there is a new shadow over the sea. Last Sunday has brought home, by one of those tragedies which take a lasting and sombre place in the dreams and memories of a nation, the dangers of the present state of armed contention in Ireland. For the tragedy, neither of the two great parties is without blame. It cannot be pretended that the series of events that had this terrible ending show anywhere the qualities, grasp, foresight, despatch, imagination, that are particularly essential to good government in an excited anomalous society. On the other side, a party that has preached war and rebellion and confusion, which has preached insubordination to officials, which has held that any means of embarrassing the Government is justified, and has aimed at making government itself impossible, must take its full share of responsibility for the result. A leader who taunts the Government with its failure to punish the men whom he has encouraged to break the law, cuts a strange figure as the leader of His Majesty's Opposition.

So much has to be said for the past. But the past, though we cannot elude its consequences, concerns us less than the immediate future. We are glad to welcome the spirit in which the Opposition papers have recognized that the new crisis demands a truce in this long and bitter controversy. One proposed solution, though no solution in the eyes of most judges, is now out of the question. Everyone agrees that a General Election is impossible. How, then, do we stand? The Home Rule Bill becomes law automatically within a few weeks. It represents the result of years of agitation and discussion, and its final stages have been accompanied by a national

development in Ireland of the greatest importance and interest. The Nationalist Volunteers have displayed, as the "Times" readily admits, a spirit of discipline and self-control which would have amazed those politicians a generation ago who thought that every Irishman who was not a loyalist was either a Fenian or a Moonlighter. The existence of the Army and the spirit behind it would, if nothing else, make Home Rule inevitable. But though there can be no compromise on this, and indeed no compromise is asked, Liberals would be poor patriots and poor statesmen if they did not make every attempt to meet the difficulties of the Opposition.

If we are to convince the world that our councils are not distracted by the shadow of "civil war," that policy must be carried to its issue. It clearly cannot go forth to Europe that armed resistance has triumphed over Parliament, and that men are in arms against the civil power. But surely in such a moment the nation will not appeal in vain to the Irishmen of all parties when it asks them to find a settlement of the minor issues that remain. Let them make one more effort, as the "Times" urges them, to restore peace to their country. Of this they may be sure, that no concessions that they make will be regarded as a symptom of weakness; they will rather be regarded as a proof that the combatants put no interests before those of their country, of these islands, of the British Empire, and of the hopes and interests of Europe.

THE SOLDIER IN A RIOT.

THE debate on Monday showed the House of Commons almost at its worst. Only one speech, that of Mr. Redmond, seemed to recognize that what had happened in Dublin was not a mere subject for the recriminations of party but a calamity that required the gravest and most judicial discussion. The debate is particularly painful reading to those Englishmen who remember with what jealousy statesmen of Liberal and constitutional temper have hitherto defended the rights and the lives of citizens against the license of armed power.

Let us remind our readers of the questions that are raised when it is necessary to determine whether a soldier was justified in taking life. Lord Haldane was one of three lawyers who reported to Mr. Asquith after Featherstone on the law in such cases. They pointed out "that officers and soldiers are under no special privileges and subject to no special responsibility as regards this principle of the law. A soldier, for the purpose of establishing civil order, is only a citizen armed in a particular manner."

The soldier, as Lord Haldane put it, cannot, because he is a soldier, excuse himself if, without necessity, he takes human life. A little later:—

"The question whether, on any occasion, the moment has come for firing upon a mob of rioters, depends, as we have said, on the necessities of the case; such firing, to be lawful, must, in the case of a riot like the present, be necessary to stop or prevent such serious and violent crime as we have alluded to; and it must be conducted without recklessness or negligence. When the need is clear, the soldier's duty is to fire with all reasonable caution, so as to produce no further injury

than what is absolutely wanted for the purpose of protecting person and property."

If this definition is correct, the soldiers concerned in the Dublin affair are in the position of men awaiting trial. Lord Haldane laid down no revolutionary doctrine. It had hitherto been common ground that no soldier who takes life is exempt from the consequences, and that his conduct has to be justified before an independent tribunal. For this reason, while making all allowance for the difficulties and troubles of the moment, we cannot conceal our surprise and concern that Mr. Asquith should have treated the question of the conduct of the Borderers with so little of his customary care. He began with a statement of fact and then proceeded to pass judgment. Both statement and judgment were, in our opinion, improper at this stage. In the House of Commons on Monday, he said that the shots which caused the destruction were "fired without order; they were acts of individual soldiers. A deplorable loss of life ensued. Under the whole of these circumstances, I do not think that the House and the country will come to any other conclusion than that the soldiers were exposed to very great provocation, and that what happened, much as it is to be lamented, is not a fitting subject for condemnation." A little later he said, "but at any rate a full inquiry will be held, and from that inquiry I feel no doubt that the soldiers will emerge with credit to themselves and the Army to which they belong."

What does this mean? The Minister for War states that the soldiers fired without orders. This is so grave a statement that we should have thought that it should not be made categorically until the evidence had been weighed by a jury. To fire without orders is to fire against orders. The issue of the day in battle has often turned on the power of soldiers to stand under fire without returning it. Would military disobedience of the kind imputed to these soldiers be thought a light thing on the field of battle? And if not, is it a light thing in the streets of Dublin? For a magistrate to give an order to fire without reading the Riot Act is to take a momentous responsibility. The whole country rang after Peterloo with the dispute over the question whether the guilty magistrates had read it. Even in those days, when the lives of the poor were held cheaper than at any time in history, General Byng, who commanded in the disturbed districts of Lancashire, wrote to the Home Office to say that he had distributed troops in small bodies to protect the mills and that he had instructed his officers to refuse to order their men to fire till *written* application had been made by a Justice of the Peace. The discussion on Monday took place within twenty-four hours of this terrible business; the information at the disposal of the Minister came from officials who may be in the dock to-morrow, and the men thus exculpated had fired, if the information was correct, not merely without the reading of the Riot Act, but without orders from their own officer.

Are we, then to conclude that the Prime Minister was already satisfied that this shooting was necessary, that it was not reckless or negligent, and that the soldiers

were obliged, in order to prevent serious and violent crime, to shoot with this deadly effect on a crowd containing, at any rate, a number of women and children? (The "Daily Chronicle" gave a list of wounded children in the hospital at this date.) To believe this is to believe, in fact, that the officer was wrong in neglecting to give the order to fire, and that his soldiers were right to disobey. We cannot think that anybody was in a position to decide such complicated questions within twenty-four hours of an event which took place on the other side of the Irish Sea. Surely the only judgment that was possible and proper last Monday was the judgment passed by Mr. Redmond, that the House of Commons was not the place to judge these soldiers.

The truth is, we think, that Mr. Asquith spoke, not as Prime Minister, but as Minister for War. It is a great misfortune of our present parliamentary system that a Minister drops into the way of regarding himself as sitting in Parliament to defend his officials. Mr. Birrell told the House of Commons at the time of the last Irish scandal that he was there to defend the police. Mr. Asquith is there to defend the Army. Who is there to defend the citizens? Who is there, above all, to defend the sort of people who suffer in a riot? It was not Mrs. Duffy's fault that she lived in a squalid little street in Dublin, and found herself in the centre of this affray. And what does this justice look like to the widow and eight children of the dead engine-fitter, twice bayoneted and shot, which tells them that there will be an inquiry, and that the tribunal will be appointed by a Government which is satisfied already that the soldiers would emerge with nothing but credit. Will not the working classes think that if instead of Mrs. Duffy it was Sir Edward Carson who was lying dead, and if instead of Luke Kelly, aged ten, who lies in hospital with a bullet-wound in his lung, or Patrick McDowell, aged 15, who lies there with a bullet in his hip, and Mary Rowan, aged 16, who lies there with a bullet in her leg, it was the children of the aristocratic leaders of the Ulster Volunteers, dying of wounds received, say, from a company of Irish Guards, the soldiers would not have been exonerated by a Minister until they had been acquitted by a jury.

The question is one of capital importance. If Ministers are to get into the way of regarding the legal restraints to which Englishmen from the days of Blackstone and Chatham have attached the greatest significance as if they were some minor regulation of the Education Department, or some trumpery by-law of the Local Government Board, then the working classes of this country will take measures for their own protection, for, in that case, the protection of the law is withdrawn from the civil population. We are not adherents of the gospel of physical force. In spite of the events of the last eighteen months, we are still slow to believe that it is force that arranges ultimately the affairs and destinies of the world. But if the authorities who wield the powers of the State, who can move its armed forces, are going to take the view that is apparently held that the true judge of the moment when the provocation he has received entitles him to inflict death, is the armed soldier himself, they must remember

then all classes may begin to think that the reign of law is over, and that the weapons of force alone will command attention to their wrongs or respect for their lives.

THE LIBERAL PARTY AND A SECOND CHAMBER.

IV.

IN the preamble to the Parliament Act the Government pledged themselves to the substitution of a chamber constituted on a popular basis for the present House of Lords. This pledge would be fulfilled by a chamber elected by the House of Commons on the lines indicated in a previous article. That suggestion is motivated by a desire to retain the supremacy of the House of Commons above possibility of challenge, while at the same time providing a body which, consisting of picked men representing all groups in both the past and the present House, would be impartial, would be removed from the party strife and electoral ambitions of the moment, and so would provide a suitable platform for free criticism of the proposals of the reigning majority. Objections may be taken to this proposal from opposite points of view, which it will be well to consider.

It may be said that the tendency of our arguments is really in the direction of a single chamber; that, in fact, we desire the supremacy of the House of Commons; and that the purely moral power which we leave to the Second Chamber is no real check upon the plenitude of authority exercised by the representative House. Why not, then, propose a single chamber? It may be replied that this alternative is barred by the explicit pledge of the Government and the convictions of many Liberals. A Second Chamber there must be, according to the preamble to the Parliament Act. It is the business of Liberals to devise a form of the Second Chamber which will least interfere with democratic progress or serve as a rallying point for those forces of caste and wealth which are now continually menacing the popular element in the constitution.

But it may be said, if you agree that we shall have a Second Chamber, you must not try to put us off with a sham. Your Second Chamber must have some effective power. Otherwise you will get no able men to join it, and it will be from the first a farce. Well, even in ordinary legislation the Second Chamber that we propose would offer great scope to men of ability and public spirit who desire to serve the nation, whose capacities are practical and administrative, but whose dislike of the rough-and-tumble of the platform or of the trammels of our party system prevents them from seeking a seat in the House of Commons. Every Bill would go through the criticism of our Second Chamber, which, not being a partisan body and having no Government to wreck, and no General Election to force, would simply try to make every Bill as good as it could possibly be, and who would have the Law Lords among them to assist in expressing the real intentions of Parliament in terms which the Courts cannot set aside. Secondly, this body would have the opportunity of pronouncing on the Bill as a whole, and its pronouncement would have weight

with the public and would entail at least reconsideration. The Second Chamber would be a platform for the expression of a considered judgment by men of wisdom and judgment, standing sufficiently apart from the heat of controversy to impress the public with the weight of their opinion, and it would be a platform with no mean sounding board. Thirdly, the power of initiative would enable it to prepare in detail valuable measures of a non-party kind, for which the House of Commons never finds time.

Beyond this lies the question whether, in constitutional questions, the Second Chamber should not have fuller powers. Bills which should, for example, increase or diminish the prerogatives of the Crown, alter the composition or powers of the Second Chamber, or prolong the existence of the House of Commons, might be classed together as constitutional measures, and with regard to these the Second Chamber might have powers of delay. As to the extent of this delay, different views are possible. Some would hold that it should not exceed a year; others might argue that it should extend over a General Election, so that the electorate should have the opportunity of pronouncing upon the Bill. The Second Chamber would thus represent a reserve force in the Constitution in the interest of the constituencies, just as, till the other day, the House of Lords represented a reserve force in the interest of the privileged classes. This reserve force would be a dignified function suitable to an assembly containing the Supreme Court of Appeal within it.

Still, it may be said, in ordinary matters your Second Chamber would be no substantial check on the omnipotence of the House of Commons. Certain fundamental issues apart, we should be living under a single chamber system. The flood-gates, as Sir Leicester Dedlock used to say, would be open, and the stream of confiscation would race in full spate over the land.

Now, if anyone wants confiscation, he wants control of finance, and very little else. But till 1909 no one doubted that the House of Commons had complete control of finance. All those years we lived under single-chamber government, so far as the raising and appropriation of revenue were concerned. Nor did the Parliament Act destroy this supremacy in principle, though, by giving the Speaker arbitrary powers of deciding what is financial, it has, in practice, somewhat limited the control of the House of Commons in favor of that of an official. Still, in principle and for many practical purposes, the House of Commons is at this moment a financial autocrat. If it chose to impose an income tax of 10s. in the £, there is no constitutional power to stand in its way. The barriers to confiscation, apart from the electoral strength of wealth are, have been, and will be, the moderation, good sense, and justice of the people as a whole.

In fact, our experience shows that the danger, not merely of confiscation, but of ultra-democratic legislation, is wholly unreal. Hasty and sentimental legislation there has sometimes been, and the Lords have not distinguished themselves by standing in its way. A Second Chamber offered no obstacle, for example, to the recent revival of flogging. But the danger in England

is never that of going too far, but of not going far or fast enough. Modern conditions change with an increasing rapidity. Almost every change of material conditions affects the social problem, and requires some legislative alterations to deal with it. But our legislative programmes are hopelessly congested. In Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment, we have been legislating for the 'nineties. We have done nothing to meet the educational problems raised in 1902, and the attempt to take the first steps towards carrying out the recommendations of Lord Balfour of Burleigh's Report on Local Taxation of 1901 has been frustrated by the congestion of business and the financial puritanism of Liberal millionaires. What a different England this would be if our great-grandfathers, when confronted with the new factory system, had been as much afraid of being too late as they were of being premature. The danger of delay in England is more real than the danger of haste. The Sibylline books are always being burnt.

Nor do the reactionary forces grow weaker with time. At the moment they are, perhaps, more confident than ever. The balance of the economic forces in the last twenty years has been favorable to the possessing classes, and their growing economic advantage over the workers is reflected in the scales of political power. Wealth, on the whole, counts for more, and life for less, and a plutocratic Second Chamber would accentuate this tendency. The question of our time is whether, even with the simplest and most direct methods of expressing itself, the democracy can find itself, can form a definite will and give it coherent expression, and choose leaders who, when trusted with power, will not yield to the temptations of social amenity, journalistic flattery, and Court pressure. These are the inherent difficulties of a democracy in England, and they are quite sufficient to make it go slow. The difficulty is to make it go at all, and if a check is needed, it is not for democratic legislation, but for plutocratic reaction. Upon the whole, the one organ that English democracy has found for itself is the House of Commons. A Second Chamber, holding from the House of Commons, would be the one external body that we might confidently expect to be imbued with some of the democratic spirit.

ANOTHER WEEK OF ALARM.

EVEN in this Session, when alarming incidents and embarrassing situations have succeeded one another with disturbing frequency, it is impossible to believe that a graver state of affairs can arise than that which we have had to face this week. We are beginning to dread opening our Monday morning newspaper, and last Monday the burning indignation with which Liberals read the news from Dublin and the general alarm caused by the dangerous European situation, produced in the Lobbies when the House met a vibration of excitement which shook the coolest and most undemonstrative among us. Since Monday the Dublin incidents have been explained, officials have been suspended and have resigned, attempts have been made to palliate the crimes committed, inquiry has been promised. But it is all highly unsatisfactory. Incompetence, partiality, cruelty, and injustice are openly revealed as much in the explanations as in the record of facts. It is not too much to say that had a Unionist Government been in power, they could not have

survived the attack which a righteously indignant Liberal Opposition would have made on them after such occurrences. But it is a Liberal Government that is in power, and in the heat of the moment many were describing them as a Government who could not move the Army when they want to, and who could not prevent the Army moving when they did not want it to. Not one single responsible official from the very highest appears to have exercised any discrimination, judgment, foresight, firmness, or even common sense. There was the same laxity in administrative indecision and happy-go-lucky slovenliness as was shown in the handling of the Army crisis in March, the same ill-judged harshness and brutality which characterized the measures taken during the Larkin riots.

The debate on Monday night was deeply interesting. Mr. Redmond stated the case with admirable clearness and exemplary self-restraint. Never was the Chief Secretary more obviously uncomfortable and more hopelessly confused than when he replied. The Prime Minister's speech was spoilt by his exoneration of the soldiers before the facts were known, and the absence of any adequate expression of horror at the loss of life and sufferings of the innocent victims. It was felt that the Government once again had drifted into a situation in which they would receive very little effective censure on points of principle from their Tory critics, while among their own followers heartfelt misgivings, and, feelings even of the deepest shame, rankled the more painfully from not being expressed. No Liberal private member spoke in the debate.

But deplorable as these Dublin incidents are, they are not just isolated events detached from the great problems which are still hanging in the balance. They are part and parcel of those problems, and to magnify their significance or to occupy much time in expostulation would be a very mistaken attitude to adopt, and as matters stand, quite futile. Time is short, the Session is waning, the black cloud of war has appeared on the horizon, moving across from Eastern Europe—not a conjectural civil war, but a certain European war. The Government ship may be badly steered, it may scrape the rocks, it may be buffeted by the waves, some of the crew may be overtired and unequal to the strain, but they must go on, at all costs and in all circumstances, not because they ought to cling to office nor because they ought to avoid consulting the electors, but because they are the only people that can bear the present tremendous weight of responsibility, the only people who have a declared policy. For the present there is no alternative policy, and no alternative men to take their places. It cannot be said too often that a General Election in the near future would not only settle nothing, but might add to the confusion, and even in present circumstances produce national danger. As to how a settlement, however temporary in character, can be patched up, it is impossible to say at the moment.

The whole House, in the meantime, is deeply concerned about European prospects. In all quarters, the most complete confidence is placed in Sir Edward Grey's capacity to deal with the situation, and the Opposition even would be strongly opposed to any change at the Foreign Office during the next few months. While Liberals are anxious to give the Foreign Secretary all the support they can in his endeavors to restrict the area of warfare, there is at the same time a very strong feeling that this country must not be dragged into a European turmoil on any conceivable ground that does not entail any direct injury to our national interests. The mischievous spirit of Jingoism may be already showing its head in certain quarters. A united front in support of a

calm and determined policy in the direction of restraint and mediation is the one method of counteracting the evil influences which the remotest prospect of war at once engenders.

A four-year-old Parliament, jaded by the strain of bitter political controversy, may not be an ideal instrument of government. But both the situation at home and the prospects abroad demand at the moment a concerted effort to support to the full the Government of the day, in order that it may speak with a confident voice of authority in the councils of Europe, and in order that it may be strengthened to deal with dilemmas, even when they are of its own creation.

A RADICAL MEMBER.

A London Diary.

THE funeral of the three victims of the shooting took place on Wednesday and was a most impressive spectacle. The Lord Mayor attended, the Archbishop pronounced the absolution, the National Volunteers headed a procession which was so long that it took an hour to pass a given point. The son and the nephew of the woman who had been killed marched in the uniform of the Dublin Fusiliers.

I HEAR everywhere loud praise of the order and self-control of the Irish Volunteers. Their conduct has given an Irish dignity to the mourning of Dublin.

THE Dublin papers published a letter from Mrs. Duffy's son, who is a private in the Dublin Fusiliers:—

"Permit me to convey my gratitude to my many comrades of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers and other friends who have sympathized with me in the sad bereavement occasioned by what I suppose may be truly termed the murder of my mother on Sunday last. It certainly appears to me, as a soldier in the Dublin Fusiliers, who have always been regarded as a brave regiment and have been several times complimented on their valor, the height of cruelty for soldiers of another regiment, known as the King's Own Scottish Borderers, to shoot down helpless women and children in my native city.

"On this occasion my mother was going to rescue a poor cripple boy, and it was while attempting to perform this act of mercy that she was suddenly, and without warning, shot dead. I trust that my comrades of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers and those belonging to the Reserve Staff, and all other Irish soldiers in Dublin, will attend the public funeral which is to be given by the citizens of Dublin to those who lost their lives on Sunday."

THE unhappy deeds in Dublin have, of course, added a profoundly disheartening element to the situation. The Liberals in Parliament were greatly shocked. Conflicts between the military and the people always affect them strongly, for they touch old memories and historic feelings. Moreover, they had been warned from Irish sources of the danger. The Irishmen did not trust the Castle. They had long been complaining of the distinction which it was making between the smooth face shown to the Ulster Volunteers—who were obviously given *carte blanche* to land arms and strengthen their organization—and the grim visage with which the Castle looked at the National retort. How could it be otherwise? How can the Castle be other than a fort held for Unionism? One knows the Castle type—amiable, clever,

accommodating, smoothly acquiescent gentlemen, who think that God intended them to rule the Celtic swarm for ever. To that purpose, Liberalism, Home Rule, are mere interludes. What kind of fruit does the Government expect to gather from such a tree? The Irishmen are, of course, deeply, pathetically, anxious not to make too much of the shootings. If they strike deep into public imagination, all is over. The Government is gone, and Unionism back again. It looks as if all our Irish errors were coming back on us at one swoop.

I FIND among the Irish leaders a very warm personal sympathy for Mr. Birrell, on whom a great domestic affliction weighs even more heavily than the cares of a thankless office, which he has only continued to hold at the urgent request of the Prime Minister. They urge in extenuation for his failure to deal strongly with the situation that the Irish Government is filled, almost to a man, by the enemies of Nationalism and of the Government—the only conspicuous exception being Sir James Dougherty, whose ineffective efforts to stop the collision of last Sunday ended so tragically. The Ulster leaders make no secret of the fact that every important administrative decision of the Government is known to them within two or three hours of its being taken.

I UNDERSTAND that the Liberals who organized a great meeting last Wednesday could have filled the Opera House five times over. The meeting was marked by a most resolute spirit, and even the engrossing excitement of the hour did not distract the mind of the audience from the great importance of the purposes of the demonstration. The Liberal Party in the House of Commons is resolute on two subjects—peace and the fulfilment of the Government's policy.

AMID the welter of misery and unrest in Macedonia, it is pleasant to hear that preparations for a permanent advance to civilization are going on. The credit belongs, I think, mainly to the Greeks. On this point a correspondent writes me:—

"I wish your readers could be made aware of the changes now actually proceeding in Macedonia in respect of settling the people peaceably on the land, fixing the system of taxation so as to prevent the Turkish system again being introduced, which bled the people to enrich the men who bought the right to tax; what changes are being made to increase and make safer the trade of the new possessions, the new railway projections, the improvement in the prisons, the better hygiene, and the better system of police."

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE CAILLAUX DRAMA.

SOME great trials are interesting because they present a complex problem in evidence or a baffling study in psychology. Others, again, excite us because the human being who stands in the dock, though he may have broken some law of the code, has given proof in the act of a

rare courage or generosity. The trial of Madame Caillaux was deeply interesting, but for none of these reasons. The facts of the crime were simple and indisputable. The motive was an ordinary blend of anger and fear. The unhappy woman who stood in the dock engaged our sympathy in so far as she had acted under the spur of an intolerable provocation, but it was impossible to pass from pity to admiration. To shoot down a defenceless man without a word of warning is a cowardly act at best, and no generous concern for any high human end redeemed it. The trial was exciting and notable to a foreign onlooker, for the simple reason that it introduced us to a world of manners, morals, and traditions so remote from our own. The material of the drama was the common stuff of human passion the world over. But this very identity made the puzzle. Why is it that no single actor in this tragedy would have acted so if he or she had been bred and reared in England? It is a fascinating taste to explore the social psychology of savage races. But here are two peoples, whose material, social, and political conditions differ in no essentials. The same Parliamentary life, the same finance, the same industry, the same science govern us both. Our educated classes read the same books, and in the world of journalism the "Temps" does not seem very different from the "Times," nor the "Matin" from the "Daily Mail." Where does the difference begin, and why was it that a fashionable Conservative newspaper like the "Figaro" pursued its resentments by methods which the lowest "rag" in this country would shrink from using?

We have reduced justice in this country to an elaborate technicality. It is a highly scientific procedure, in which two paid advocates and a judge who incarnates a strict law of evidence, dominate the court from beginning to end. The witnesses are reduced for the most part to ciphers, whose testimony is elicited from them, sentence by sentence. Emotion is repressed, and eloquence confined to the set speeches of two hired orators, whom no one suspects of any real feeling. The governing idea of the trial is simply to establish the crude material facts, and the whole decorous and mechanical procedure is deliberately designed to ignore the passions that made the crime, to obscure the humanity of the criminal, and to reduce the question at issue to one of simple classification. Was the act in question a murder or a homicide, a forgery or a robbery? In this typical French trial the professional element sank to less than nothing. The judges were interesting only when they sent their seconds to each other. The jury decided the issue by the light of nature, and it was the witnesses and not the advocates who supplied the real eloquence of the debate. They harangued; they stormed; they made epigrams; they revealed their inner emotional life with a power of statement and self-revelation which in England may be seen only on the stage, and only there in a translated play. To the English mind it must have seemed a highly indecorous exhibition. Nothing could less resemble our notion of a trial. Two groups of men and women, the politicians at their head, the journalists at their heel, the financiers behind them, and each with its rival literary men, exposed their hatreds, their dishonesties, their amours, their suspicions, without disguise or restraint. Nine-tenths of this "evidence" would have been dismissed by an English judge as irrelevant or inadmissible. Painful and disorderly as it was, it is quite arguable that this natural debate is preferable to our own frigid professional trials. The Capulets and the Montagues came into court, not with swords, but with ringing speeches, and the jury had before it not the abstract fact of an isolated "crime," but the whole feud

of mingled and mutual wrong which issued in the murder. If we must judge our fellows at all, let us at least know them. We do know the whole moral and emotional meaning of this crime. In England we should have heard nothing but the external evidence of the eye-witnesses to the deed, and the expert testimony of the doctors. Nor can we in all the circumstances profess to regret the result. The real criminal was the whole of this envious, hating, blackmailing world. The real offender was the social code which tolerates the stealing and publication of private letters. The real mischief is that no law of libel restrains a venal and dishonorable press. These evils would not have been castigated or amended if the unlucky woman in the dock had been sent to some years of penal servitude. Punishment is always a futility when it has to deal with a real uncalculating crime of passion. It is worse than futility when, as in this case, the culprit has taken vengeance for an offence which the law will do nothing to repress. If an editor may steal a woman's private love-letters and publish them to the world, if this offence leads neither to social ostracism nor to any legal penalty, it is folly to expect that private vengeance will stay its hand.

Stranger than the trial was the world behind it. To our thinking, the clue to the great difference, both in morals and manners, between English and French people of the same class, is to be found in the tradition of their upbringing. The difference begins in their habit of expression. These people can speak, and they can write. It is not merely that English witnesses would not have uncovered their intimate emotional life to the world as these men and women did. They could not. It is because we do not, as a race, know how to speak for ourselves, that our advocates drag our evidence out of us by question and answer. These people not only spoke easily and freely, they spoke well. Their extempore narratives of their emotional life read better than the same thing in the studied pages of the average English novel. The letters tell the same tale. Compare them with the banality, the inarticulate babbling of the average love-letter read in English divorce cases. The minds of our English upper and middle class have been formed in the public school tradition, which inculcates a deliberate dumbness, treats every refinement of expression as an eccentricity, punishes eloquence as a social sin, and regards any words which really render deep and passionate feeling as an offence against "good form." In all this trial there was little said that was noble, or generous, or wise. But the vulgarity, the jealousy, the envy, the hatred were emphatically the emotions of human beings, of rational souls. The hatred that denounces an enemy in words of splendid and glowing commination is a less evil thing than the hatred which can find nothing worse to say of him than that he is a "rotter." A jealousy which can paint a subtle portrait of the rival is less base than an inarticulate, sulky dislike. These people live more vividly than we do, largely because they speak more freely. A clearer thought lies behind the more adequate word; the silence of good form brings, in the long run, a numbness and paralysis of the brain. One does not feel that these people are getting anything exalted out of life, but they are getting more out of life in kind and in degree than English people who live on the same moral level. They are base, if you will, but it is a human, an intellectual baseness.

The contrast of the two social traditions is not entirely to our advantage where externals are concerned, but, in the more essential matters of conduct, we certainly have nothing to regret. At the back of the really curious obliquity of these people are points which to us

are the essence of honor, there lies, we suspect, the Jesuit school tradition. No English editor would have struck at a political enemy, as M. Calmette did, by publishing his wife's love-letters. No ex-Prime Minister in England would have stooped to do what M. Barthou did, when he divulged a private memorandum which he had found among his State papers, and stolen and preserved until the hour when he could use it with the maximum of effect to crush a rival. The sense of what is base and what is honorable is formed in most of us in our early 'teens, and it is formed chiefly by the morality which reigns at school. It is the curse of school discipline in France that it is still based on the system of espionage perfected by Jesuit schoolmasters. Morals are enforced by minute supervision from above, aided by denunciation from below. The master is trained to play the detective; the boy is encouraged at every turn to play the informer. It is a vicious system which degrades both teachers and taught, and breaks down in those whom it forms all sense of the limits of privacy and all respect for personality. The Jesuits left it behind them as their most hateful legacy to free-thinking France, and Rousseau, when he came to build up a humaner ideal of education, gave it at some points an actual twist for the worse. It is this practice of espionage at school which explains the prevalence of blackmail in politics. French journalists spy upon public men exactly as French teachers spy upon scholars, with this aggravation, that they serve their own hatreds and cupidities in the process. The English tradition of "good form" is not an ideal sanction for morality. It consecrates the average; it makes for timidity; it levels down as well as up; it substitutes a moral fashion for a moral ideal. To act with a view to the good opinion of one's fellows and equals is not a lofty rule of conduct. But with all its defects, it is preferable to the Jesuit method of imposing morality from above with the aid of a degrading system of police.

THE CHOICE OF BOOKS.

MANY busy people depend upon the summer holidays to make acquaintance with recent books of interest and importance. But they are always in the quandary of not knowing what books they want to read until they have read them. Experience has shown that titles and the general reputation of an author are unreliable, and the recommendation of friends who know exactly what we want often stirs an undercurrent of depreciation. On such occasions we are prone to wish for some "sovereign organ of opinion," some "recognized authority of tone and taste," to guide our choice. It is just half a century since Matthew Arnold, in his striking essay on "The Literary Influence of Academics," dwelt upon our lack of standards and of conscience in intellectual matters, contrasting our more slovenly ways with the better ordered intellectual economy of France. He was more directly concerned, perhaps, for the intrinsic qualities of literature than for the interests of the reader; but here, as elsewhere, it is the consumer who pays. And from the consumer's standpoint, things are somewhat worse now than when Matthew Arnold wrote. For the apparatus and the art of criticism are even less effective now than then for the guidance of readers in the choice of books. The number of new books with intellectual pretensions is so enormously increased that no general organ of intellectual opinion can cope with them. So far, indeed, as the more highly specialized works of scientific erudition are concerned, it may be held that learned societies and their organs make a fairly satisfactory provision for their

claims. But when we consider the intellectual requirements of the general reader, it is far otherwise. The authority of the older quarterlies and monthlies, which counted for so much two generations ago in making or marring the reputation of a book, was often exercised tyrannically—sometimes maliciously. But the haste, caprice, and intellectual inadequacy of the reviewing in our daily and weekly press are new and added risks to our intellectual life. Within the last quarter of a century, the daily press has taken up the function of pronouncing authoritatively upon the merits of all books possessing any superficial claim to public interest or importance. If the author is upon a high level of popularity or intellectual weight, or the material of the book contains "revelations" of a sensational character, the "Notice" should appear upon the day of publication, a process which ensures the minimum of skilled judgment. Books by writers of less, though perhaps not inconsiderable, reputation are subjected to an even graver ordeal. They are too numerous for any sort of special justice to be done to them in the pages of a daily or a weekly journal. A few will obtain extended, in some instance careful and valuable notices, either because the writer has "a friend at court," or because the subject or the treatment in the book chimes in with the opinions or the policy for which the paper "stands." A certain number of books of secondary importance will be read and judged upon their merits, possibly by skilled and competent critics. But there is no security that works of real value, scientific or literary, by writers of secondary position will be reviewed at all. Unless they are of sufficient importance to be sent out at once to a reviewer who "does" that sort of book, or to be asked for by a regular reviewer, they are quite likely to stand for a week or two on the office table amid a hundred of their fellows, and then to disappear into the shelves of the second-hand bookseller. We are here dealing with the case of large numbers of substantial books by writers of some position. The case of a work by a new writer is, of course, far more parlous. Only some happy accident gives such a book its chance. The editor or some reviewer happens to pick it up and finds something he much likes or dislikes. Or it may go out with a parcel of other books of poetry, fiction, science, politics, and, falling in with a more than usually conscientious reviewer, make its mark. But it is safe to assert that for every book of modest merit that gets this happy chance, half-a-dozen fail. The first determining fact, of course, is that there are so many books, that the reviewing department does not handle any book unless it "has to." This obligation is not always dependent on the admitted or probable claim of the book in question. The consideration of the publisher, who likes his books reviewed and is also an advertiser, weighs consciously or subconsciously.

A great deal is said about the organized booming and boycotting of books on grounds of personal preference and prejudice. Now, editors and reviewers are mortal, and often make an unfair use of their power in the world of books. But they seldom act with conscious malice, and never by "organization." The effect, however, is perhaps almost as bad. Where an organ of the press pretends to be a general disinterested literary adviser, it commits a grave offence against its innocent readers by ignoring authors, subjects, or treatments, merely because it has no sympathy with "that sort of thing." The literary "conscience" to which Matthew Arnold appealed ought to obviate such bias. But, on the whole, these unworthy motives are far less accountable for the low level of effective reviewing than the defects of intellectual apparatus. Nobody can be satis-

fied with the prevailing laxity and hazard which reduce publishing to a gambling trade, deprive authors of any reasonable confidence in the fruits of their best labor, and leave the reading public to confront the seething torrent of new books without any satisfactory guidance. Not the least evil of the present disorder is the pressure upon the production and consumption of definitely bad books, whose piquant titles or sensational contents, impressing the reviewer and the library clerk, steal the time and attention of the reader from worthier forms of reading. The evil is perhaps even deeper seated. Though every thoughtful person admits, and many deplore, the condition of affairs, it cannot be said that there exists any realizing sense of our need for intellectual standards and critical estimates. On the whole, we are content to wallow in our intellectual anarchy. From time to time a new weekly journal starts with a parade of the ambition to serve as an academy of literary direction. But it never succeeds, possibly because what it offers is not really "wanted," possibly because it is unable to provide a good enough apparatus of criticism, and to establish confidence in it. In the last resort, perhaps, it comes back to the difference between what is "needed" and what is "wanted," or, in other words, to the fact that journalistic criticism, being a commercial undertaking, must conform pretty closely to the lower level of the actual tastes of a growing public whose qualities of fine appreciation have not kept pace with this growth of size. But difficult as the process of reform must be under these conditions, it may not be amiss to point out what appears to us to be the nature of the intellectual economy which criticism requires.

First of all, a sifting process is required to select out of the never-ending flow the ten or even twenty per cent. of books which possess some quality of matter or of form that deserves to live. This should be performed in a thorough and disinterested manner by a competent staff of tasters and assayers. The habit of reviewing on the day of publication should be discarded as an obvious injustice, alike to the merits of the work and to the intelligence of the public. It should be replaced by a reliable and purely preliminary "view" of the book, confined to giving an account of its nature, purpose, and contents. When a book belongs to what is called "the literature of power," the "view" might contain such samples as would exhibit its quality or genre, with some tentative expression of the general effect of the book upon the "viewer" in a signed article. Books, not claiming to be "literature," should be dealt with each according to its kind. Those which, as "science" or "history," claim to add to the stock of concrete knowledge, might be treated differently from those which we call books of ideas, containing an organic body of thought or argument. The latter demand a skilled epitome, which the judicious author helps to furnish by his preface or his concluding summary.

"Reviews," in the sense of critical appreciations, should be reserved for works of established reputation, and in the case of "serious" books might be appropriately published on the appearance of a second edition, an occasion commonly ignored under the current economy of reviewing. Some such critical apparatus as we here suggest would no doubt be difficult to establish in a country used to the existing reign of levity and hazard; but it ought not to be impossible.

THE PENGUIN PEOPLE.

THOSE who have seen Mr. Penguin, of Regent's Park, taking a walk with the keeper round the seal-pond, will

recognize that we have to do here with a very superior person, who considers himself quite the equal of man. Though he is little over two feet high, his fine white shirt-front and white waistcoat, reaching down to his toes (one expects to see a gold watch-chain), his fine black evening coat, with the tails trailing on the ground behind, and his expression of critical acumen, which reminds one of Professor Huxley, are quite convincing; and the only defect is that his arms do not end in hands, or even wings, but in rather foolish-looking flippers. His assurance is complete; he has not the smallest fear of men, despises the seals, and waddles up to visitors on his little legs, just as if he were preparing to write a paper on them for the Zoological Society. Hence the little book by Dr. G. Murray Levick, Zoologist to the British Antarctic Expedition of 1910-1913, called "Antarctic Penguins" (Heinemann), promises to be, and is, one of the most interesting natural histories ever published. Written in a simple, square, sailorly style, and full of beautiful photographs (almost as good as the cinematographs we have seen), it records the customs of the Adélie Penguin people at Cape Adare during a whole summer—their arrival, their courtships, their domestic arrangements, their children, schools, enemies, games, conversations, festivals, and departure—a delightful narrative.

They spend the winter somewhere to the north, but at the approach of spring (October) migrate southwards to their established nesting-places, called rookeries, in the far antarctic. As they cannot fly, they must reach these rookeries partly by swimming the leads of open water, and partly by marching across many miles of frozen sea. Dr. Levick well describes their arrival at the Cape Adare rookery, about the middle of October, in long single-file processions—some trudging along, manfully upright on their short legs, and balancing themselves with their flippers, and others tobogganing, breast-downwards, over the snow. Not only can they find their way across the changing ice-scape, but they all know their own rookeries. These are not very numerous, because they must consist, not of snow-covered ground, but of comparatively bare gravel, suitable for nesting, and must also be near open water; that is, the rookeries must generally be open areas, swept clear of snow by the bitter winds, and also near the sea, though some may be 1,000 feet above sea-level, on the summit of the Cape. Gradually, as the immigration continues, the whole rookery fills up with hundreds of thousands of birds. After a short rest, these now begin the amusing comedy of courtship—which reminds us of what we sometimes see elsewhere.

The highest knolls of gravel are generally selected for nests, apparently in order to avoid thaw-flooding. Here each lady first selects her own home, making a shallow "scoop" in the ground, in which she sits. If two scoops are too close together (and want of space often causes this), the dames audibly express poor opinions of their neighbor's manners in settling down so close between the wind and their nobility; and, if they are near enough to do so without getting up out of their scoops, proceed to enforce their remarks with incessant pecking at each others' cheeks. Meanwhile, the altogether-inferior males (who, I fancy, have often fixed their affections during previous acquaintance) are obliged to establish their claims by direct combat with their rivals; and presently the whole rookery is ringing with the blows of infuriated cavaliers. I gather from the description that the fighting is not generally *à outrance*, that is, with the beak, so much as a kind of courtly single-stick duel with flippers. That is, the two gentlemen wish only to remark that the other's presence is not necessary, and merely try to push each other away with one shoulder,

while they rain emphasis by blows of the free flipper; and our author says that the thwacks can be heard far away. Finally, one is driven back, or falls exhausted, sometimes after a whole day's fighting, and the successful claimant then turns his attention to any other suitor who may have called on the lady meantime. But even when he has cleared the field his troubles are not over, because the first thing which he must submit to is a most severe preliminary hen-pecking by the object of his affections, who proceeds to give him a serious mauling, just to teach him his position. This, we hear, he takes most submissively—lying down, in fact, with his eyes shut. Next, it is his arduous duty to collect pebbles from near and far for building the nest. He brings these in his beak, and lays them before his mate, who disposes them round her scoop, to her own comfort and satisfaction. Dr. Levick tells amusing stories of the more worthless males, who, instead of fetching stones honestly from the open ground, steal them from others' nests. When detected, they flee in tight-feathered terror, pecked at by all, and followed by the infuriated hens, puffed up with righteous indignation. Lazy hens may, however, lose nearly all their stones in this way, much to the anger of their hard-worked mates.

The eggs, of which there are one or two, are laid about the middle of November, within the circle of stones, and must, of course, be kept warm against the biting blasts of that region, and safe against the winged skua gulls, which steal and eat them. That is, they must be sat upon constantly for about a month. The hen performs this duty for about the first fortnight, during which the cock goes away to the water to bathe and feed. He then returns, and the hen takes her turn off—after a period of about six weeks' total fasting, since the only food procurable is in the neighboring sea. They then mount guard, turn and turn about; and the chicks must next be fed and also protected from the gulls. The parents must bring the food for the chicks in their own gullet, a duty which becomes more and more arduous as the young become larger and larger; and the old birds are obliged to walk the whole way, backwards and forwards, though the nests are sometimes high on the bluffs. During all this period, many tragedies are apt to happen. A gull swoops down and steals an egg or a chicken; the nests are flooded out; or the "hooligan" cocks, who have not found mates, and who swagger and brawl round the camp, kill the young; or, even, father takes to fighting, and injures everything in the neighborhood! Then, alas! the parents who are feeding and bathing in the sea may be killed by sea-leopards. As the chicks grow older, however, they are put into the charge of certain birds who look after a number of them—schoolmasters. Next, the sun that shone at midnight begins to set, the chicks grow up, the summer draws to an end, and the birds prepare to go north again. By about the middle of March they have all departed, except a few sick derelicts.

Some of the scenes witnessed were very pretty, especially that of bedraggled parties of penguin people, relieved from arduous duty at the nests, going down to the sea to bathe and feed. Such parties would often meet others returning, well fed, "their white breasts and black backs glistening with a fine metallic lustre in the sunlight." The parties would mingle and chatter together, and some of the less dutiful returning ones might even be persuaded to go back to sea instead of to their waiting mates. "If they were not speaking words in some language of their own, their whole appearance belied them." Arrived at the water, after the long fast, they partook of the boundless provision of nature, dived and swam, sported, talked to each other, took pleasure-

trips on drifting blocks of ice, and behaved just like other persons—for a number of days. Then, when his holiday had expired, the father returned. "Going up to his mate, with much graceful arching of his neck, he appeared to assure her in guttural tones of his readiness to take charge. At this she would become very agitated, replying with raucous, staccato notes, and refusing to budge from her position on the eggs" (characteristically feminine!). "Then both would become angry for a while, arguing in a very heated manner, until at last she would rise . . ." give up her place, and join the next party to the water.

We can scarcely ascribe all this to instinct—that much-abused word; and many of these doings are evidently rather customs prescribed by æons of experience, for the proper performance of natural duties. True, penguins may be stupid and irrational, as when they make no effort to destroy the nests which their enemies, the gulls, make close to them. But I have known certain featherless bipeds to be equally silly, as when they allow pestiferous pools and other insanitary things to remain in the midst of their villages for centuries, though it would be easy and cheap to remove them. No, there is a scale of intelligence extending in this world from the amœba to man, and the penguin people are very near the top of it. In other worlds perhaps there are other people much higher still.

RONALD ROSS.

A DEBATE OF THE OLD WORLD.

ONE can begin the consideration of the Old World nowhere better than at Abbeville. The place has been sketched for us by a master hand. Who does not remember *Præterita*?

"But for pure unalloyed pleasure, the getting in sight of Abbeville on a fine summer afternoon, jumping out in the courtyard of the Hôtel de l'Europe, and rushing down the street to see St. Wulfran before the sun was off the towers, are things to cherish the past for—to the end." Here, indeed, as the young Ruskin saw it, is the perfect image of the Old World.

"At Abbeville I saw that art—of its local kind—religion, and present human life were yet in perfect harmony. There were no dead six days or dismal seventh in those sculptured churches; there was no beadle to lock me out of them or pew-opener to shut me in. I might haunt them, fancying myself a ghost; peep round their pillars like Rob Roy; kneel in them and scandalize nobody; draw in them and disturb none. Outside the faithful old town gathered itself and nestled under their buttresses like a brood beneath the mother's wings; the quiet uninjurious aristocracy of the newer town opened into silent streets beneath self-possessed and hidden dignities of dwelling, each with its courtyard and richly trellised garden. . . . Above the prosperous, serenely busy and beneficent shop, the old dwelling-house of its ancestral masters; pleasantly carved, proudly roofed, keeping its place and order and recognized function, unfailing, unenlarging, for centuries."

It was at Abbeville, we think, that Mr. Ruskin saw the figure of the dyer, all black—or was it bronze?—set against a huge blossoming tree. Here is the content, the pleasantness, the quaintness, of the old Gothic world.

Well, suppose one had been at Abbeville, say, on the morning of the 1st of July in the year 1766. It is less than a hundred and fifty years ago. One would have seen set up in the Square a great spiked wheel, over which the swallows flickered in their beautiful ecstasy. In the radiant summer morning one might have noticed an urbane and courteous priest coming from his

Mass in the glorious Church of St. Wulfran into the homely and delightful market place, and caught his answer to an inquiring stranger: "*Le supplice aura lieu à dix heures, monsieur.*" The question was of the execution of the sentence upon the Chevalier de la Barre, a young man of nineteen years, who had been recently condemned to have his tongue torn out with red-hot pincers, his right hand cut off, and to be broken upon the wheel, for having refused to kneel during the passage of a religious procession. The sentence was to be carried out that day. The reader will remember that the incident is referred to by Dickens in the opening chapter of the "*Tale of Two Cities.*" He says that the punishment was inflicted "for refusing to kneel to a procession of dirty monks." This is a somewhat inadequate statement of the offence; but we will not dwell on that point. We will rather try to see how it struck the contemporaries. Here is, say, the courtyard garden of one of those quiet uninjurious houses—the home of generations of Picard notaries, or perhaps the house of one of the members of the local Parlement, which had given the sentence, so soon to be carried out. The place is gay with old-fashioned flowers, stocks, mignonette, a big bunch of campanulas, in every bell a bee. On a rush-bottomed chair under a lime tree sits an old *bonne*, shelling peas for déjeuner. She has a strong sensible face under her spotless coiffe and crown of white hair, shrewd, kindly, a good face, with a certain severity in its goodness. You know her for a pillar of faithfulness and probity, zealous for the interest and honor of the house, a mother of three generations of children. She shells her peas, untroubled by the dreadful preparations in the Square. When someone mentions them, she replies, "*Ce sera une punition exemplaire.*" That summer evening no doubt saw the peaceful anglers bending above the green-chalk water of the Somme.

Good people, one thinks, turned away their eyes from scenes of torture, but when they were forced upon them they would express the traditional approbation. The individual was after all no Atlas, with the weight of the world on his shoulders. These things were the affair of the Social Order into which he had been born, and in which he subsisted. His business was with his own individual life. In the framework provided for him at a cost he did not too closely inquire into, he could live contentedly and happy, he could fulfil the duties of his state, he could drink white wine and play bowls, he could sing, and sometimes even make, such songs as "*Si le Roy n'avait donné.*" He could, moreover, endeavor after the Christian goodness. In England at the very time of this boy's execution, the excellent Bishop Challoner was writing his admirable "*Meditations,*" in which the individual Christian is exhorted to meekness, humility, charity, the forgiveness of injuries, the avoidance of slander, the following of peace. Some quarter of a century afterwards the representatives of that old order, which had tortured Jean Calas and the Chevalier de la Barre, who had probably themselves applauded the torture, the exiled nobles with their gaiety and charm, the mild and charitable priests, touched and edified all England by the dignity of their demeanor in misfortune. Charm, indeed, gaiety, courtesy, grace, leisure, devotion, found a home inside the dreadfully protected frame of the Old World. There was an Infanta of Spain, who at the zenith of the activity of the Holy Office, when the Inquisitors were busy roasting the soles of the feet of the witnesses before their Tribunal made an unalterable resolution never to speak ill or listen to ill of any human creature, and who made daily with

her own hands dainties to carry to the sick poor in the Hospitals of Madrid.

In the year 1907, a monument, hideous no doubt to the æsthetic sense, was erected in Abbeville, bearing the inscription: "En commemoration de la martyre du Chevalier de la Barre, supplicié en Abbeville, le 1 Juillet, 1766, à l'âge de 19 ans, pour avoir omis de saluer une procession." There are those who deplore the erection of such monuments in the peaceful old-world places. A recent writer suggests that this particular statue "might with advantage be toppled over into the Somme." In France some youthful politicians of the extreme Right carry on a propaganda *de fait*, having for its object "the prevention of the erection of atheist monuments." But as in her glorious fanes the Church commemorates her Saints and Martyrs, it seems meet and right that in the market-squares and on the bridges of Europe there should be set the memorials of her victims—the statues of Giordano Bruno, of Jean Calas, of the Chevalier de la Barre. It is hard to take sides; after all, as Mr. Belloc reminds us, do not the atheists of Périgueux wish to be buried in the Cathedral of St. Front, and lie in state amid the big candles? Nothing belonging to the history of Europe can be forgotten or blotted out. Europe would not be Europe without the two great forces of order and revolt represented by the Church of St. Wulfran and the statue of de la Barre. One hopes for something that will comprehend, will include and unite Europe. The day may perhaps come when the Church will appear as the great Penitent.

Mr. W. D. Howells says, if we remember, that "in old-world lands one learns to hate and detest the Past." Here we think it necessary to distinguish. Certainly, we understand what he means well enough. We ourselves were shown some little time ago a well in the prison of the Castle at Ghent. "Up to the time of the Revolution," the guide suavely informed us, "it was used to provide water for the torture." This went on for some five centuries. This is a thought one does not choose to dwell on. Yet does one, as Mr. Howells says, "hate and detest the Past"? One detests the horrible accidents, no doubt, the hideous means by which the framework of the old order of things was protected, the bloody rags of the tortures of five hundred years. But one loves the old life of Europe which went on, largely, one thinks, unaffected by such things. By a curious paradox, the great prophets of the Revolution have all been romanticists. Who ever felt the charm and fascination of the Old World like Michelet, or made his readers feel it as he does? Think, for example, of Victor Hugo's description of the bells of Paris, which, by the way, appears to have suggested Faber's magnificent passage on the bells of the Old English Lady Day! What a lover of the Middle Ages, again, was William Morris! The Romantic Movement was the child of the Revolution. In England, Tractarianism was the Romantic Movement on its religious side. It may after all be that the Church and the Revolution are two sides of one same thing—that is, Christianity.

It is a profound remark of Quinet's: "In destroying Christianity the Revolution fulfilled it." This is no doubt an idealized statement; what has been the actual course of Europe since 1789? Napoleon, Bismarck, the Empire-Builders at their dreadful trade, the ghastly Moloch of the German Army, with its toll of two hundred suicides a year, its wretched conscripts with their feet like raw beef after one of the Kaiser's stupid parades. The bareness of this conception of the State, as Lord Morley says, is hidden by no mystic doctrine. A revolution which would overthrow

European militarism would indeed be the fulfilling of Christianity. On it might follow the rise of a New World, with all the grace and charm and beauty of the Old, a large and noble order into which would be incorporated the humanity, the spirit of indignation and of pity, the Christianity fulfilled of those who destroyed the torture chambers, and threw down the Bastilles in 1789.

CURÉ DE CAMPAGNE.

Present-Day Problems.

THE TYRANNY OF ORGANIZATION.

WHILE it is not very difficult for us to trace social tendencies in the past, the cross currents and hidden energies in the world to-day are not so easy to detect or follow. We are aware of new views, great movements, and advancing thought; we see men strongly influenced in one direction or another; we feel ourselves the compulsion of contentious argument, but we do not always pause to examine the source and origin whence the impulses come, the system and method by which they reach us, or the destination to which we are being driven. One of the most distinctive features of modern life is the startling development of the machinery of organization. It is wholly admirable when it is used to increase the efficiency of utilitarian objects, such as works of construction, the Post Office, the railways, or any State service. But it is in other fields that its increased activity is chiefly remarkable. This is the age of alluring advertisements, of record business achievements of combines and trusts, of trade union extension, of co-operative movement, of associations, federations, leagues, societies, committees, and causes. The daily post of any public man brings to his notice a dozen different prospectuses, leaflets, treatises, pamphlets, advertisements, and circulars recommending wares, inviting membership, advocating opinions, suggesting investments, or offering money.

In days gone by it was difficult to collect men together even among the rich, and the poor were just isolated, inarticulate units. New views spread very gradually, converts were made slowly, business could depend only on the quality of the goods produced, and speculation was rare. The occasional newspaper and the coach-borne mail were the only machinery at hand for communication. But to-day, what is the machinery of a thriving organization? A large staff of specially trained male and female clerks, telephones, the telegraph, typing machines, copying machines, rapid printing, and the vast circulation of the daily, weekly, and monthly press. The members of any body can be reached in a few hours, and they, from far distances, can meet together with ease as often as necessary; stacks of circulars and leaflets can be scattered through the country with no trouble at all; newspaper advertisements and notices can bring information to the remotest regions; the furthest-most corner of the country can be linked to the centre; branches, like tentacles, can stretch out in all directions. The fuel of money is all that is required to make this marvellous new machine perform all its intricate functions with perfect regularity. Old institutions are adopting it; new causes are further perfecting it. But the question I want to ask is: Are we always masters of these machines, or are not they becoming in some cases our masters? The specialization of industry is one thing, but the specialization of the forces of persuasion quite another. Labor saving does not necessarily increase individual efficiency; moreover, highly perfected machinery may interfere with personal initiative, while increased quantity may debase quality.

I do not want to dwell on commercial enterprises, which can now prosper not on their merits, but according to the success of booming advertisements, nor to analyze the complex financial mechanism which draws men, communities, and even nations into new and closer relation-

ships, but rather to consider the more or less political aspect of the question. While organization was difficult and laborious, the moral or intellectual appeal of any particular cause required to be very strong in order to surmount the mechanical obstacles, to spread or even to keep alive. Its success proved its true moral strength. The collective spirit of such an organization was a compelling and driving power, based on strong convictions and concentrated effort. The Anti-Corn Law movement is an excellent example. Take, then, as a contrast the organization of the Tariff Reform League. The movement began as the outcome of the declared policy of a prominent and popular statesman and a body of ardent supporters united to preach the doctrine. Money came in, and a machine grew up which was undoubtedly the most extensive and powerful political organism of modern times. Halls in every town and village were hired, numberless speakers and lecturers paid, members enrolled, newspapers, leaflets, posters, and pamphlets did the work of propaganda on an unprecedented scale. The machine grew and worked vigorously under the stimulus of the thousands and hundreds of thousands of pounds that poured in, and it continued to grow and to work even when the central conviction had weakened and almost vanished. The machine in fact got out of hand and became too strong for the cause. I believe it still works on, though no living statesman can say what Tariff Reform means.

The danger-point comes when the machine overreaches the purpose of those who attempt to control it, and begins to operate through self-propulsion. To take another instance: I do not for a moment doubt that the cause of woman suffrage has enough moral force behind it to control a very large machine. But the W.S.P.U. branch perfected this organization with such rapidity that the full utilization of the engine for purpose of demonstration rather than the slower process of subordinating the instrument to the gradual growth of moral suasion became the practice. The machine got the upper hand, with results we all know and deplore. It may happen, too, in strikes that the original motive gets obscured by the unexpected success of the organization of resistance. Men are carried away by mechanical forces beyond their first intentions. Syndicalism is an extreme instance of the tyranny of organization, deliberately disregarding the merits of any particular dispute.

And now we have gone a step further. A completely equipped armed force can be mobilized in a few months. In such a body as this, a corporate spirit is engendered far stronger than that of any mere propagandist league. The continual contact of the units associated together in drilling and manœuvring produces a most powerful and ever-growing impulse to act beyond the initial projects and plans of the founders. The leaders knowing they were the creators believe themselves to be controllers; but very soon, to their own discomfiture, they cease to be leaders at all except in the sense that a man who is running in front of a herd of wild buffaloes can call himself their leader. The monster machine works on, whirling off their feet men who may only be fascinated by its sheer capacity, but cannot escape its clutches. It far outstrips its original purpose, and creates new conditions of its own, aims at new objects, makes new demands.

The old revolution was the ill-organized expression of the hot passion of the masses—savage but spontaneous. It was an unchecked tumult of human exasperation. The modern revolution may now be the perfectly organized operation of mechanical forces set in motion by comparatively few people—deliberate, cold-blooded, soulless.

There is danger, too, if an old institution falls back on the new methods of organization to keep alive, and believes itself strengthened by extending and drawing tighter the institutional bonds of formal authority. This is what is happening to the churches. The impulse of moral conviction has noticeably waned. There is no new "message," but a fictitious corporate energy is produced by the extension of systematized methods. Political parties, too, are said to be enslaved to the

activities of the caucus, with its more and more ingenious structure of canvass and propaganda. Principles are held in abeyance to methods. The pretence of compact solidarity precludes originality or independence. A rapid access of numerical strength is preferred to the slow process of persuasion.

In fact, in all directions the means are coming to be so effective, so rapid, so easy, so attractive to the shallow mind that the end is left to take care of itself. Whereas formerly the end was so clear, so eagerly sought, so ardently desired, that the obstacle of slow-working, incomplete means only served to fortify the zeal of conviction. Let us beware that in an age when in all classes material gain or improved material conditions are the prizes most desired and most recommended, these great mechanical engines of organization do not gradually sap the spiritual vitality of the nation, and deprive us of the one indispensable element, without which the progress of civilization must become a sham.

ARTHUR PONSONBY.

Letters to the Editor.

THE STRANGE CASE OF ERNEST NEWMAN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Allow me one word more. I cannot leave Mr. Newman to be soured and maddened by an imaginary injustice. He believes that your readers may infer from my first letter that he was once dismissed from the staff of a newspaper for abusing Wagner after our editors had discovered that Wagner was a very considerable composer. If anyone has actually drawn such an inference, they have mistaken me. I do not even suggest that Mr. Newman's editors ought to have dismissed him; for though I think that his judgments of his greatest contemporaries are on the whole erroneous, and his critical manners towards them hardly those of one gentleman to another, yet he is too clever and entertaining to be dispensed with; and when great men are in question, the *advocatus diaboli* is useful: indeed I have myself taken that brief in the case of Shakespeare with much benefit to English literary mankind.

Further, I take a sort of paternal interest in Mr. Newman's championship of the delightful toy symphonies of Stravinsky, and the very useful and sometimes exquisite experiments and novelties of Scriabine and of that school generally which was encouraged by the success of Debussy's scale of whole tones, long familiar to organ builders, but strange to the musical public. It is perhaps natural that Mr. Newman should have got into a state of taste in which Strauss's procedure seems so hackneyed that he writes as if you could take the double bass part from the score of Joseph; turn it into a figured bass by writing six-four, four-to-three, six-three, &c., under it; and hand it to any bandmaster or church organist to fill up accordingly and reproduce the harmonic effect of the entire work. Mind: I do not say that Mr. Newman has said this in so many words (he will be rude to me again if I do); but if he does not mean this, I respectfully submit that he does not mean anything. The truth that he overlooks in his craving for more Stravinsky is that the greatest artists always belong to the old school; and that the simplicity which is common to Handel's Hailstone Chorus and the exordium of Strauss's Zarathustra is the result, not of ignorance or resourcelessness, but of the straightforwardness of the great man who, having something to say, says it in the most familiarly intelligible language, unlike the smaller man who, having little or nothing to say, very properly secures interest by a curious way of saying it. Thus you have Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner and Strauss denounced as madmen, even by eminent musicians, whilst their personal mannerisms were still strange, and then denounced by the amateurs of strangeness as platitudinous, sententious, and even by such exceptionally hardy and fanatical amateurs of strangeness as Mr. Newman, mediocre.

I now leave the verdict to the good sense, including the sense of humor, of your readers. I should not have begun the controversy (on express provocation from Mr. Newman,

who must not complain if he has got more than he bargained for) but for my strong sense of the vast public mischief done by our campaigns of stupid abuse against supreme geniuses like Wagner, Ibsen, and Rodin, with the result that whole generations are robbed of their birthright of culture by the misleading and intimidation of the *entrepreneurs* whose business it is to supply the public demand for the highest art. My sole object was to make it clear to your readers that Mr. Newman's remarks about Strauss need not deter them from attending performances of his music, nor *entrepreneurs* from venturing their capital upon it, nor public-spirited gentlemen like Sir Joseph Beecham from devoting their fortunes to it.

But, of course, I note Mr. Newman's denial to Wagner of all the qualities that distinguished him from eminent musicians like his contemporaries, Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley and Dr. Stainer (not to mention men still living). To Mr. Newman's mind, this is a handsome acknowledgment of Wagner's position as a composer. To my mind, it represents the extremest length to which anti-Wagnerism can safely go now that no one, without making himself publicly ridiculous, can question Wagner's technical ability. In short, there is a difference between Mr. Newman's mind and mine; and as nothing that we can say or write will alter that difference, we must remain content with having given the readers of *THE NATION*, and, incidentally, one another, a piece of our minds on the subject.

Mr. Newman's last letter proves, especially in his references to pianoforte scores and opening themes, that the more delicate *nuances* of controversy, however entertaining to the bystanders (for whose sake I hope he will excuse my little attempts, are apt to escape him. I propose, therefore, that we drop it. If he will cease asking me for the name of that imaginary editor who did not dismiss him, I, on my side, will not press him for the names of the hundred composers who could easily have composed Joseph and magnanimously refrained, though we should all dearly like to know them. And so I leave the last word with Mr. Newman.—Yours, &c.,

G. BERNARD SHAW.

P.S.—I see by a rather jolly article of Mr. Newman's in the "*Birmingham Post*," that his hundred men in buckram have now more than doubled their numbers. By the time this appears they will no doubt have run into four figures; but that will not affect my estimate of his critical powers.

THE DUBLIN OUTRAGE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—On Sunday, July 26th, a section of the Ulster Volunteer Force fell in at their battalion headquarters and marched to Dunmore, where, according to the "*Irish Times*" correspondent, rifles and bayonets of the latest pattern were served out to each man. These rifles and bayonets were openly carried. We read, too, "one of the principal features of the turn-out was the appearance of two Colt machine-guns of the latest pattern, which were mounted on cars and were strongly guarded." The authorities took no notice of this display.

At the same time, several companies of the National Volunteers marched to Howth, where rifles landed from a yacht were distributed amongst them. The men, shouldering their guns, then marched back to Dublin. At the entrance to the City they found 200 soldiers of the King's Own Scottish Borderers arrayed against them. Besides the soldiers there were about fifty policemen. The military had bayonets fixed to their rifles. Mr. Darrell Figgis, one of the Volunteer commanders, was informed that it was the intention of the police and military to disarm the volunteers. The Commissioner of Police told this volunteer officer that the soldiers had ball-cartridge in their rifles, and that they would fire. A number of constabulary tried to disarm some of the volunteers. The movement was, of course, resisted. Thereupon, the military were ordered to make a bayonet-charge. The order was carried out, with the result that several volunteers were wounded, amongst them being a commander, Mr. Judge, who was seriously injured with a bayonet thrust. Some revolvers were fired from the volunteer ranks, and then the soldiers fired a volley with their rifles.

Before we go to its deplorable sequel, let us ask what

this affair means to the Nationalist Irishman or Irishwoman. It means that Dublin Castle is Dublin Castle still; that "the garrison," as of old, is anti-Nationalist, anti-Celtic, anti-Catholic. It means that great officials, while openly boasting of the strength and the perfection of the Ulster organization, are prepared to strain every regulation to prevent the "mere Irish" from obtaining power. It means that while British officers are prepared to discredit their Government rather than give the Ulster Protestants an anxious moment, they have difficulty in restraining themselves from having Nationalists shot down. The officer in charge of the King's Own Scottish Borderers begged the magistrate's permission to fire on the National Volunteers. "In fact," said Mr. Darrell Figgis, who was present, "he seemed to be painfully anxious to fire." Last May, a military writer stated in the "*British Review*" that, while British soldiers would decline to fire upon Protestant Loyalists, they would not have the same hesitation in firing upon Catholics and Nationalists. That is now perfectly evident.

On their way back to barracks, the King's Own Scottish Borderers were followed by a street crowd, who hooted them, and, in places, threw stones at them. It was such a crowd as a score of policemen could disperse with a single baton-charge. What did the King's Own Scottish Borderers do? Without one word of warning, they charged the crowd with the bayonet and then fired two volleys. Thirty were wounded and three—amongst them a woman—were killed. A street in Dublin literally ran with blood. The military committed a deliberate massacre—there is no other word for it.

Nationalist Ireland—the Ireland that supplies the soldiers to the British Army—has been outraged and affronted. It has been shown that race-hatred still lives in the breasts of those who exploited Ireland for so long. This comes a week after Nationalist Ireland had noted that King George thinks in terms of Tory rhetoric.

And the English Conservative papers will have the insolence to speak to us about "loyalty."—Yours, &c.,
PADRAIC COLUM.

Howth, Co. Dublin, July 28th, 1914.

THE CONFERENCE AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The question about the Conference at Buckingham Palace asked by Lord Courtney in the House of Lords raises some interesting speculations in the mind of a believer in our Constitution. What, for example, were the motives which moved the Prime Minister to suggest to the Sovereign the idea of an expedient so alien to normal Parliamentary government, and what grave reasons existed to counter-balance the prejudicial effect which such a step must necessarily have on the position of his most gracious Majesty as a constitutional Sovereign. I dismiss, of course, as out of the question, any idea that this serious step was taken on his Majesty's initiative, or that any active interference took place in that quarter with the normal conduct of public affairs. That would be unthinkable; involving, as it would, an attempt to interfere with the responsibility of the House of Commons and a bolstering up of the Unionist refusal to submit to the terms of the Parliament Act, which clips the wings of their permanent majority. The action of the King at that time makes any such suspicion incredible.

A curious question also arises as to the attendance of Sir Edward Carson and Captain Craig. If their words and acts are to be taken at their face value, they have been guilty of high treason in compassing and levying war on his Majesty's most gracious person, and conspiring to upset the King's Government; unless, indeed, a distinction is to be drawn between the King and his advisers—a distinction unknown to the Constitution, and so impossible for King George, as a constitutional Sovereign, to draw. By a process of exclusion, we are therefore driven to conclude that his Majesty is enabled to summon these men to confer because, in his opinion and that of his advisers, they are not traitors, but only people playing at treason whose utterances, though impudent, need not be taken seriously.

There remains the question of what Lord Courtney called the supersession of Parliament; but it is clear that Parliament is not and cannot be superseded. One may therefore hope that his Majesty's name has only been used to bring

into conference antagonists so opposed and so pledged to their respective supporters that no less august influence would have sufficed.

At the same time it must be remarked that the expedient is a dangerous and desperate one, which has already led to unrest, misunderstandings, and much unfavorable comment, and its only justification can be its success.

The breakdown of the Conference has led to more harm than if it had never been called, and its sittings have challenged the right of the majority to rule. It may safely be said that the procedure is not likely to escape challenge and severe criticism.—Yours, &c.,

AN OLD-FASHIONED WHIG.

July 28th, 1914.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN NATIVES' LAND ACT.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Mrs. Saul Solomon's excellent letter in your issue of July 18th is an urgently needed protest against the Act which, a year ago, became law in South Africa.

Mrs. Solomon's record sufficiently guarantees her immunity from anti-Dutch bias; yet I should like to supplement her letter with regard to one or two points to which, I think, she has scarcely given due weight. All Liberals are naturally reluctant to incur the suspicion of wishing to interfere in the internal politics of the Union. The peculiar position occupied by native affairs necessitated the provision of special safeguards in the Constitution; but the native policy of General Botha's Government seemed to hold out hopes that the need for putting these safeguards in operation would be reduced to a minimum.

It should be clearly understood that the native delegates, in their appeal to the public, do not wish to press for any sort of dictation on the part of the Imperial Government; but it is imperative that the whole force of public opinion should support General Botha in the just and generous policy which it is quite evident he would follow were he left entirely to his own choice.

The nature of the process by means of which the Land Act was passed, in the teeth of vigorous opposition, and the way in which the perfectly legal and constitutional protests of the natives were burked while they had the slightest chance of success, are matters requiring the fullest investigation.

If only those most concerned could be effectually convinced that no "development" of a country, whether through gold mines, cotton mills, or rubber plantations, can compensate for the loss of a free, happy, and industrious (yes, I will not stop to define or defend the word) peasantry! But if the South African farmers, the backbone of the white community, allow themselves to be influenced by their own worst enemies—by all the elements which, in the past, they regarded with an excess of distrust—who can tell what will be the end?

Further particulars as to the Land Act and its working may be found in a little pamphlet (which deserves careful study), issued by the native delegates, and to be obtained on application to Mr. Solomon Plaatje, 15, Guilford Street, W.C.—Yours, &c.,

Newnham College, Cambridge.

July 21st, 1914.

A. WERNER.

FORCIBLE FEEDING.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The mind of Mr. Henry W. Nevins, who writes you from the National Liberal Club on July 22nd, must be strangely befogged if he cannot see that those daily papers who refrain from reporting "forcible feeding" are acting for the good of his cause, which is not mine.

The public is sufficiently informed about these sorry matters, and have quite made up their mind that their sympathy is due to the Government, and not to those misguided females who force them to a procedure they themselves abhor, who disgrace their womanhood, but whose perverted sense of right and wrong seems to find a ready echo with a certain class of well-meaning males, such as the

Bishop of London, leading members of Free Churches, Mr. Nevins, and even Members of Parliament.

It is the height of arrogance and wholly opposed to the interest of the Liberal Party to assume that it is a condition of Liberalism to support female suffrage through thick and thin, and as the "Manchester Guardian" has had the generosity of noticing my unimportant communication to that effect, I trust you will extend to me the same courtesy.

I—a Liberal—am one of a large and increasing number, both Liberal and Conservative, who are opposed to female franchise. We have our reasons for it, and believe, with Mr. Asquith, that it would be disastrous to the nation, and, with John Bright, that it would be "bad for the women," and that, surely, means "bad for the nation." We know his chivalrous reverence for true female character, largely derived from his surroundings, in what Trevelyan so aptly called the "spiritual aristocracy of Friends." In this I am his sincere, if humble, follower, not without similar experience.

Every line in such a letter as that of Mr. Nevins's confirms me in my opinion. He says: "For suffragists the only sure alternative is a Government measure to admit women to citizenship." Quite so. Mr. Nevins does not seem to see the humor of it, nor that of his proposed comical bargain between judge and culprit.

Mr. Nevins "knows very well that the present violent unrest and exasperation can never be allayed until a Liberal or Conservative Government has the wisdom to concede the justice of the women's claim."

To this I venture to oppose my own convictions, shared by an overwhelming majority, I am sure, that neither side dare bring in or could carry a Government Bill at the present moment. If they did, it would be proof of the degeneracy of the nation, and a nation that has lost its virility will have to give way, in the course of time, to people made of sterner stuff. Then write on your flag: "Carthago delenda est."

That is the inexorable teaching of history. Hide your head in the sand of self-deception if you like. If ever I have to change my opinion, it will not be through female rowdiness and meanness.

Suffragists ask, "What are we to do?" Did John Bright and Cobden set churches on fire? They set human hearts on fire! They went about the country convincing the people of the iniquity of the Corn Laws in face of prejudice and ignorance. They did that for a generation, without self-glorification of any kind. What heart-burnings must have been theirs during those weary years! The only force they employed was the moral force of honest purpose, the justice of their cause. Their cause won, as every good cause will, and has done, as long as the world stands.

Nobody would blame women for treading the same path, but that is not in their line. "Hinc illæ lacrimæ."

No, sir, the practice of forcible feeding—a doleful necessity—does not "bring shame upon the country."

I happen to read foreign as well as English papers. It does bring shame to the women who force the Government to it, and men like Mr. Nevins and the London Forcible Feeding Committee, who want to make the Government responsible for the foul deeds of the Suffragettes and who support these in the unscrupulous abuse of their sex's prerogatives.—Yours, &c.,

G. A. SEEBORN.

Townend, Knutsford,
July 25th, 1914.

LIBERALISM AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I have read with interest Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck's excellent letter in a recent issue of *THE NATION* on "Liberalism and the Women's Movement," and I must say I find myself, to a large extent, in agreement with what she so well says.

As a Liberal, I regret more than I can express the way the present Parliament has dealt with this subject. The question, I am convinced, could have been settled very easily if our leaders had only shown some courage and placed some confidence in those principles which we profess. I am certain

of this—that if the Liberal Party were to take up this question and deal with it, the vast majority of the people would feel relieved and gratified.

I come in contact with men of all parties, and I have no hesitation in saying that a large and a preponderating majority of the electors are in favor of this reform. And there is a strong feeling setting in that this question should be dealt with speedily, and that nothing but evil will ensue if it is allowed to drift on in this uncertain fashion. I presided, a few nights ago, at a large meeting held in the Grassmarket in this city, when speeches were made on woman suffrage. We had there a large proportion of men who might not unreasonably be expected to be hostile, and disposed to give some trouble. It occurred to me to test the feeling of the meeting, and I was surprised to find that they were practically unanimous in favor of the proposal.

I may say that at present in Scotland multitudes are greatly disturbed and distressed at this practice of forcible feeding which is being carried on in Perth Prison. This practice is degrading and disgusting, and it ought at once to cease. If it does not, then Liberalism, and this Liberal Government in particular, will have a heavy reckoning to pay.

I agree entirely with Mrs. Besant when she says, in the same issue of *THE NATION* that "posterity . . . will brand with infamy the revival of torture in prison cells."

Please allow me, in conclusion, to thank you most heartily for the strong and courageous support you are giving this movement in the columns of *THE NATION*. It means much, and it gives us all encouragement and heartening to have *THE NATION* on our side.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN McMICHAEL.

7, Annandale Street, Edinburgh.

THE DOGS BILL.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In your issue of July 18th, Sir Ronald Ross writes: "Probably more than 90 per cent. of the Members of Parliament are, directly or indirectly, the cause of pain or torture and death to thousands of animals for the wholly unnecessary and selfish purposes of meat-eating and sport." From this I presume that Sir Ronald is himself a strict vegetarian, and that he is so not from inclination but on principle, in view of the suffering caused to animals in the process of killing for food. On this hypothesis, which follows directly from the words above quoted, I would ask to be allowed to pay him a tribute of my unfeigned respect so far as this aspect of the case is concerned. For the rest, I observe that he characteristically speaks of all those who are not of his way of thinking in the matter of the Dogs Bill as hopeless fools; but he has made no attempt whatever to deal with the words I quoted from the Final Report of the Royal Commissioners on Vivisection, showing that, while some of them "would exclude the use of dogs altogether," none of them, if we may judge from the language employed, were very strongly opposed to that view, while all were in favor of some "differentiation" of treatment in the case of dogs. When it is remembered that these Commissioners included two licensed vivisectors—viz., Sir John McFadyean and Dr. W. H. Gaskell, as well as such men as Sir William Church and Sir William Collins, I think the friends of the Bill are fully justified in appealing to this Report in support of that measure; for Sir Ronald Ross can hardly apply to these gentlemen "Carlyle's estimate of most of his fellow-citizens." Moreover, as Miss Beatrice Kidd reminds us in her excellent letter, Carlyle himself was opposed to vivisection!—Yours, &c.,

G. G. GREENWOOD.

July 27th, 1914.

"SHOP GIRLS."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In your kind and interesting review of my book, "Shop Girls," you say that its power and sincerity is largely vitiated by the ineptitude of its conclusion, and you speak of my incompetence in construction. May I be forgiven for defending myself and for explaining that perhaps the apparent lack of craftsmanship is partly due to the fact that

the story was originally written as a serial which appeared in the "Evening News" some years ago, and was over a quarter of a million words long. Now, for some reason unknown to the mere author, publishers will not produce a novel a quarter of a million words long, or anything like it. And so, in cutting out several thousand words, I admit that the "skein becomes tangled and is dropped in despair."—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR APPLIN.

14A, Abingdon Mansions, Kensington, W.

PIN-PRICKS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I see that Mr. William Dee tilts a lance (or, as he would have it, pin) at me for not being aware that "Miss Gertrude Bone" is the wife of Mr. Muirhead Bone. Of course, I knew it perfectly well. I was using her pen-name as it was my impression that she wrote under the title of "Miss Gertrude Bone." As to my omission of Mr. Frederick Niven, it was not because I did not think his work highly distinguished, but because its maturity, both in time and character, does not place it accurately in a survey of our younger contemporary novelists.—Yours, &c.,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

July 18th, 1914.

ST. EDMUND HALL, OXFORD.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I notice that St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, is appealing to the charitable public for £6,000, on the ground that it is, practically speaking, a poor man's college. It appears that St. Edmund Hall has little or no endowment, and is unable to make both ends meet out of the students' payments.

I see also from "Whitaker's Almanack" that seven of the richer men's colleges have gross incomes of over £30,000 a year, two of them—Magdalen and Christ Church—of over £75,000.

As these colleges were endowed with poor students in view, and are obviously in less need of students' payments than St. Edmund Hall, would it not simplify matters if they responded to the object of the appeal themselves by lowering their standard of expense?

ROYAL COMMISSION.

Poetry.

NATURE AND POETRY.

Now, in warm gushes, mingling with the cool,
The earth-breath glows, and all is beautiful
In this green hollow, under sheltering hills.
The sweet, calm night her holy dew distills;
And, that one drop may tremble to the morn,
There needs a mighty world through ether borne;
And that one spangled leaf, one fretted fern,
May put forth its frail beauty, there must burn
Stars, suns, in mutual concert swept along.
Oh, then, he who would sing one perfect song,
Clear as the dew, and sacred as the flower,
Clothed with what glory, girdled with what power,
Shall he have freshness, sweetness, strength, as they?
At what great light kindle his lamp of clay?
Oh, there must come a breath, and there must fall
Light, and soft rain, and silence germinal;
Yet, though all Nature bring the song to birth,
He shall not rival one least flower of earth.

GEOFFREY COOKSON.

Reviews.

THE "PATRIOTISM OF ARMOR PLATE."

"Le Patriotisme des Plaques Blindées, I. & II." Par FRANCIS DELAISI. (Nîmes. 1914.)

CRITICISING the perhaps over-comfortable optimism of the Norman Angell School, Mr. Brailsford writes, in his "War of Steel and Gold," as follows:—

"Let us admit at once that war is a folly from the standpoint of national self-interest; it may none the less be perfectly rational from the standpoint of a small but powerful class. . . . The small class which in every country maintains Imperialism is not deficient in intelligence, and there is no fallacy in its egoistic calculations."

What these calculations are, in what way imperialistic ambitions and their material expression in armaments, answer with perfect precision to the intentions of concession and place-hunters, and those of the investors seeking high dividends with small risks, Mr. Brailsford himself has set forth in his recent book, which ought to become the catechism of every genuine Liberal, of everyone desirous of human improvement, and therefore anxious for the peace and retrenchment, without which all "economy of human material" ("Menschen-Ökonomie" is Rudolf Goldscheid's fine expression) cannot so much as be attempted.

But among this large minority which finds in the possibility of warfare not financial loss, but financial gain, there is yet another, a smaller, minority which does so in a peculiarly direct and unerring fashion. This is the class, the highly organized and united class, of what Mr. Perris calls the "War Traders," and M. Delaisi the "Patriots of Armor Plate Patriotism." Mr. Perris's book is, as the phrase goes, in all hands. That is to say, you can get it through your bookseller if you happen to have heard of it, despite the silence of journalism and the absence of advertisement. But M. Francis Delaisi's two little pamphlets are printed as yet only at Nîmes; and have all the appearance of being printed only for private circulation among already convinced pacifists, from whose, alas! not very hustling hands a copy or two may occasionally pass into those of the general public, and thence, as such things do, into the waste-paper basket.

Instead of that waste-paper basket, entombing so much pacifism and other excellent intentions, we should like to hand the two thin green pamphlets, "Le Patriotisme des Plaques Blindées" to the readers of THE NATION. And there being no copies available, we will pick out some specimens of their contents in hopes of thus stimulating a demand for a proper French edition, and perhaps an English translation, to be placed alongside Mr. Hirst's "Six Panics," Mr. Perris's "War Traders," and Mr. Brailsford's own splendid volume.

The method adopted by M. Delaisi, besides giving quotations from newspapers and financial publications, is one which he inaugurated some years ago in another momentous (and probably quite unnoticed) booklet called "La Démocratie et les Financiers," published by the Hervéist press in 1910. On the basis of various specialized "Who's Who" and financial handbooks, he traces the overlappings of press, Government, bureaucracy, and legislature with various financial and commercial enterprises (themselves similarly overlapping) as personified in single individuals who, cumulating or alternating public and private employments, carry their experience, and presumably their influence, from the one to the other. Thus he finds that the chief private French companies for the production of war material (the Creusot, the Chantiers de St. Nazaire, the Montbard-Aulnoye, the Hotchkiss, and the Moteurs Gnôme) have in their employment two retired admirals, three retired generals, five retired superior officers of the Army and one of the Navy, and one retired high official of the War Office, all eking out their modest Government pensions with the handsomer pay of directors, administrators, and experts of these great industrial enterprises. At the same time, M. Delaisi shows us more retired commanding officers—to wit, seven generals and three admirals—in the banks and railway and mining companies, which do business with the great producers of war-material. And, on the other hand, we are also shown quite a number of influential Senators and

Deputies, nay, Members of recent French Cabinets, actually filling the posts of directors or legal advisers and advocates either of the war-material companies themselves, or of companies connected with these by common directors or large business dealings. Meanwhile, the French war-material producers are united in a *Chambre Syndicale des Fabricants et constructeurs de matériel de guerre*, and a similar *Chambre Syndicale* for naval construction and material; while behind each of these syndicated armament companies, with the Creusot, the Marine-Homécourt, and the Châtillon-Commentry at their head, stands one of the great French banking establishments: behind the Creusot, the Union Parisienne; behind the Acieries de la Marine the Crédit Lyonnais; behind the Chantiers de la Méditerranée the Comptoir d'Escomptes, and so forth. And no wonder! For the three principal ones alone employ in their coal and iron mines, their forges and steel works and their finishing workshops, a whole population of workmen in various parts of France. All these people, from the Ministers and ex-admirals and ex-generals to the obscurest workmen or clerk, are all among the minority spoken of by Mr. Brailsford to whom war-expenditure and war-alarms are as directly profitable as these are ruinous to the rest of the community.

Not that these vast commercial enterprises live exclusively upon war; indeed their interest in war is greater just because they also live upon furnishing what is called in Leighton's paintings, "The Arts of Peace." For these arts of peace are subject to the periodical ups and downs of ordinary trade, and, says M. Delaisi:—

"The great metallurgic factories, in proportion to their colossal extent and plant and the vastness of their invested capital, cannot slacken their output without risk of great losses. And the requisite regularity of production, and consequent regularity and stability of dividends, is given by the orders from the War Office and the Navy."

Indeed, so dependent are these half-pacific manufactures on the "Arts (again, to quote Leighton's instructive picture) of War," that M. Delaisi is able to quote a specialist upon French metallurgic industry, M. Le Verrier, who declares without more ado that a respite in

"the fever of armaments now raging in Europe might perhaps close the great forges of the Centre of France, at all events diminish their output very considerably."

The "fever of armaments" is therefore kept up. What otherwise would become of all those thousands of poor clerks and workmen all over France, and of the shareholders and directors and experts, and of the welfare of those leading public men, those patriotic Ministers, those upright legal advisers and wise legislators, and all those ex-admirals, ex-generals, ex-high officials whom the country requires so stintingly for their past diligence, watchfulness, and valor? We can imagine them writing little supplications to St. Joseph, posting them in the boxes for that purpose in French churches, and then, when Russia has insisted upon an increased French army, or the Kronprinz said dreadful things in the hearing of French correspondents, they would put up one of those gold-lettered slabs with "Reconnaissance pour grâces reçues," testifying to the efficacy of prayer and the greatness of the saints.

Meanwhile, heaven notoriously helps those who help themselves. M. Delaisi shows us the French armament firms resorting to self-help by forming trusts against the depressing effects of competition and combines with great banking interests. There is also the self-helping resource of selling to foreign Governments when French war-trade is slack, as, for instance, the Châtillon Commentry Co. sold the Deport cannon, which was to give France such superiority, to Italy, who is Germany's ally. And this business with foreign, even with hostile, Governments has the unexpected advantage of reacting upon the orders of the French Government, which is duly informed, doubtless by the saint who protects pious journalists, that those hateful people, Rabelais's Cœcigrués, are increasing their artillery, or warships, or improving their explosives, and that a patriotic effort must be made by the French taxpayer. There is nothing so favored by the powers above as self-reliance and the spirit of co-operation! All those thousands of people whom a lessening of the prevalent armament-fever would inconvenience so cruelly, are fortunately protected by captains of industry and kings of finance

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On the other hand, the second of M. Delaisi's two little green pamphlets, the one entitled "L'Affaire Poutiloff," shows that, despite this large-minded tendency to cosmopolitan combination, the French armament firms are occasionally fired by genuine, and not merely ostensible, rivalry. Indeed, the charm of this incident lies in a fearful newspaper scare, convulsing the whole of France with the news that Germans had bought up the Russian Poutiloff works, which possessed the chief secrets of French gun-making—the irony of the Poutiloff drama lies precisely in this colossal hoax having been brought about by the competition of two French firms for the Russian market, with a lavish display of official and semi-official statements and denials, a dramatic interviewing of cryptically-answering directors, even a masquerading of French banks as German ones, without any but French interests being really in conflict. It is impossible to abridge, or even quote from, M. Delaisi's "Affaire Poutiloff" without spoiling it; it gives the complexity, the obscurity, the seeming incongruity of reality, that *tonffu* and baffling quality which makes reality so much more interesting and so much more dangerous than our usual thinned-out and symmetrical presentations of it. Interesting—indeed, the whole question of Armor Plate Patriotism is nothing but *interest*, quite natural self-interest, defending itself against the indifference of Fate—interesting, and also dangerous. That is what M. Delaisi wants to bring home to us. And, not satisfied with the facts he has collected and classified for our benefit, he sums up as follows the chief generalizations he has drawn from them:—

"1st Point. No such thing as a *military secret* exists. Armament firms and their newspapers make a vast to-do about the slightest technical invention. They make nations believe that their national existence depends upon a hydraulic break, a recipe for explosives, or the precise pattern of a gun. This is mere bluff. For, as a matter of fact, all their new inventions are patented and accessible to all countries. They are perfectly well-known to foreign governments, who can purchase not only the secrets and rights, but even the special workmen requisite for the work.

"2nd Point. The industry living off national defence is eminently international. As soon as an armament firm has invented something new, it offers it for sale to foreign States, who have only to pick and choose. Moreover, rather than lose a valuable order, this armament trade will have recourse to its rivals in other countries; the examination of the Poutiloff affair has shown us Krupp and the Creusot, Vickers and Homécourt, working side by side in Russian arsenals and pooling their capital, their *personnel*, and their patents.

"3rd Point. This new kind of International Association is resolutely anti-patriotic, for in its sales to foreign Governments it is guided only by gain, without distinction of allies and adversaries. Thus we have seen Chatillon-Commentry selling the Deport canon to Italy; Krupp, Blohm, and Voss making ironclads and siege artillery for Russia; and Vickers, at Terni and at Pola, working at the warlike development both of Italy and of Austria. (We may add to M. Delaisi's remarks that in the belief of Italian taxpayers, these two members of the Triple Alliance are arming mainly against one another). In short, the armament firms, instead of giving a momentary advantage each to its respective country, do not hesitate to equip that country's adversaries.

"4th Point. This armament trade is a source of financial ruin to the country it sets out to equip. For the more it furnishes arms to rival powers the more it naturally obliges its own country to spend upon its defence against them.

"5th Point. And in order to make public opinion subservient to its mercenary combinations, this 'International du Canon' publishes at its expense false newspaper rumours, complete sensational stories without a word of truth, and thus exploits the most honorable kind of public feeling. Moreover, with the letter of Von Gontard and the Poutiloff affair, it has set on foot a system of patriotic blackmail."

Thus M. Delaisi. Are we to accept the generalizations of this ex-Syndicalist pamphleteer, publishing his obscure little *brochures* at the expense of a Peace Society in the French Provinces? Surely we must not be too credulous! But the book of Mr. Perris, the many articles of Herr Brentano (who is not a Syndicalist, but a professor of orthodox political economy!) in the "Neue Freie Presse," the "Frankfurter Zeitung," and "Berliner Tageblatt," repeat exactly the same facts and draw the same conclusions about England and Germany. Would it not be wiser, therefore, instead of pooh-poohing this ex-Syndicalist and Nimes-Pacifist, Delaisi, to see to his warnings not being wasted any longer in Syndicalist and Provincial-Pacifist presses, but rather to invite him to write in our own newspapers and reviews (the French ones being shut to him *et pour cause*), and invite the armament dealers to refute him if they can?

The defence of all Europe's pocket and of Europe's good sense and presence of mind ought, surely, not to be a hole-and-corner matter of obscure pamphleteers and out-of-print pamphlets! And why do we not form a poor little international combine for examining into the alleged dangers from the great international armament interests? M. Delaisi, with Professor Brentano and Mr. Perris, might be the beginning of it.

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THERE can be no doubt that the revolt of the younger minds of the theatre against the commercialization of drama is a revolt without a sting to its tail. They write earnest, goodish plays, but neither their vitality, their purpose, their ideas, or their dramatic material are convincing enough to create a new tradition or even to perpetuate that created by Synge, Mr. Yeats, or Mr. Shaw. The plain fact is that, with the exception of Mr. D. H. Lawrence, there is no personality whatever writing to-day who is likely to shake the British stage out of its coma of comfortable badness. And this collection of Mr. Ervine's plays is, unfortunately, only another witness to the inevitable verdict of the prosecution. Two of the plays—"Mixed Marriage" and "The Magnanimous Lover"—have been published before; "The Critics" and "The Orangeman" are more recent, and appear for the first time in book-form. Unquestionably, the best of them all is "Mixed Marriage," and Mr. Ervine would have been wiser, we think, not to have compromised its appeal by the inclusion of such amateurish excursions as "The Magnanimous Lover" and "The Critics." "Mixed Marriage" is, first and foremost, a clever piece of adaptation. If one looks into its structure, it is, intrinsically, a romantic melodrama. The principals, Nora and her lover, Hugh Rainey, are barred from the golden fruits of felicity by John Rainey, the father—our familiar dragon of sour tyranny and obstinacy. Here is the framework of the first three acts—a large mark of interrogation. Will Nora, the symbol of good, triumph over Rainey, the symbol of bad? The last act, as in most melodramas, is a note of exclamation. Nora sacrifices her life (there is no reason on earth why she should), in order to bring harmony (a queer sort of harmony, one would have thought) into the distracted household. The only difference between this situation and that of other melodramas is that Rainey and not Nora has the upper hand. That is to Mr. Ervine's credit, but he should at least have permitted her a little more sense, and endowed her renunciation with a little more plausibility. Now, into this fabric, Mr. Ervine has sown a thread of actuality, the religious

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intolerance of the Belfast Orangeman towards the Catholics. But it would be a great mistake to conclude that this adventitious baptism has converted "Mixed Marriage" into a "problem-play." If Mr. Ervine had wanted to convince us that John Rainey's impulse to cement the Catholic and Protestant workers in the strike against their employers was a real one, his subsequent attitude is inconceivable. If, on the other hand, the author meant us to infer that Rainey's bigotry was irremediable, he cannot expect us to pay much attention to Rainey's flirtation with "solidarity." He cannot have it both ways. The truth is that the conflict in the father's soul is a fictitious one, and that the exploitation of the religious motive is simply a seasoning—a splash of color to the melodrama. And it is juster to Mr. Ervine to treat it as such.

"The Orangeman," a picture of a son who reacts against his father's Orangemania by putting his foot through the drum to be carried in the 12th of July procession, is of too slight a texture for critical examination. Entertaining within its limits, it is trifling and obvious work. "The Magnanimous Lover" is dreadfully crude, and reminds us of the Stage Society in its worst moments. But it is with "The Critics" that Mr. Ervine invites, we will not say criticism but analysis. As the author mentions "The Magnanimous Lover" in apposition with the theme, it is to be presumed that the play is intended as a glove thrown at the feet of his dramatic critics. If so, Mr. Ervine is simply masquerading in the costume of a South Sea Islander. For where, in the name of reason, exists the dramatic critic who comes into a theatre (the Abbey Theatre), and, without setting eyes on the play, produces "The Winning Post" and talks about "the pictures" and "performin' elephants" to the attendant? And where, in the name of sanity, exists the critic who proposes to appoint a vigilance committee for "Hamlet," who "always thought a hamlet was a place," and wonders whether Shakespeare is a Gaelic translation of Murphy? Does Mr. Ervine really mean us to take this raw, extravagant, clumsy buffoonery for irony or serious satire? Surely, as Shakespeare is a British institution, the very last thing the most Philistine dramatic critic is likely to do is to repudiate him. But the point is hardly worth elaborating. True satire is a keen and delicate instrument, not a blunderbuss.

On the whole, the impression left by these plays is, in all fairness to Mr. Ervine, a very disappointing one. He writes, not as though he were possessed by his subject, but as though he were always faced by an audience. He makes his characters talk, and will not let them talk for themselves. The genuine dramatist is in much the same position as the spectator. His share in the work of creation is the share of the priest in delivering the oracle. His creations, as it were, cease to be his monopoly, and become an objective entity in themselves. He is there only to register their actions and transcribe their words. Such is the effect produced by the great dramatists. But these plays are mediocre because, in spite of Mr. Ervine's cleverness, they are not quickened either by the feeling or the inspiration of the artist.

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EVERYONE who has lived among the Albanians comes to love and admire them; in the outer world of diplomatists and journalists it is rarely that one hears a good or kindly word of them. What is the mystery which explains the strange case of this race, which is liked in the inverse ratio of its distance? Mr. Peacock suggests that they have suffered mainly from the lack of some advertising agent of genius. Byron gave the Greeks a vogue, and Gladstone set the Bulgarians in a sympathetic context; but neither to poet nor to statesman have the Albanians appealed. That, no doubt, is part of the mystery, though Byron in his letters spoke with a warm appreciation of the Albanians, while he could hardly find words to express his contempt for the Greeks. The Pilgrim's Phil-hellenism was rather a condescension than a cult. Miss Durham, moreover, has devoted two popular and wholly friendly books to the

Albanians, and the tone of the older travellers, Von Hahn and Tozer, was as kindly as that of later writers like "Odysseus." There are other keys to the puzzle. In the first place, the Albanians have an unlucky habit of performing their good deeds under an alias, while their crimes are never anonymous. The fighting-men who redeemed the mingled record of the Greek wars of independence were nearly all Albanians, from the heroic villagers who immolated themselves at Suli to the sailors of Hydra who destroyed the Turkish fleet with a daring worthy of Drake. A Christian Albanian who distinguished himself was always called a "Greek"; a Moslem was always reckoned a Turk. *Sic vos non vobis* might stand for a national motto. The writer once met an English traveller who has lately distinguished himself by his active advocacy of the Albanian case, during the early months of his acquaintance with the Near East. He was then devotedly Turcophil, and he gave as his reason the splendid physique, the dignified manners, the honesty and fidelity of "the Turks." The answer was surprising, for in the district where we were, there was no settled Turkish population. Pressed for details, the traveller answered by pointing to Bimbashi this, and Kaimakam that, and, above all, to his own servant. These splendid specimens of "Turkish" manhood were all of them Albanians. The missionary who has failed to convert them, the consul who must report on their raids and depredations, the Relief Agent who has used them as helpers and lieutenants, all end by finding them the most sympathetic of the Balkan peoples. But, unlike the Greeks, they have no wealthy colonies in Paris and London to make social ties for them. Unlike the Slavs, they have no big brothers among the Great Powers. Above all, since more than half of them are Moslems, and the Christians of their race were rarely subject to religious persecution, they have never enlisted the powerful current of religious sympathy which has helped the Macedonians and the Armenians.

Another reason should be added to this list. The wilder clans live in conditions so medieval that even a friendly writer is tempted to describe their picturesque savagery, while he rarely troubles to recount the efforts of the more advanced sections of the race to attain culture. The blood feud survives nowhere else in Europe, and therefore everyone writes about it. The struggle to build schools and collect libraries and found printing presses is not an uncommon phenomenon, and therefore it goes undescribed. Mr. Peacock is himself an illustration of this latter tendency. Like every open-minded European who knows the Albanians, he admires them, and resents the neglect from which they suffer. But it is the wild North which he knows and describes. He never mentions civilized Coritsa, which was the centre of a really gallant struggle for enlightenment, and even when he writes of Scutari, he barely refers to the educational efforts of which it has long been a centre. He describes wild clansmen and barely-literate townsmen. But he never mentions the well-educated and often learned Albanians who have latterly won the leadership in the literary revival. Of that movement, indeed, with its printing presses, its congresses, and its organized effort to standardize the unwritten language, he says nothing at all, nor does he even mention the young national church, which has produced many martyrs and some notable teachers in its effort to win the right to use its own language for worship. These are serious gaps in a book designed to win sympathy for Albania. It is, of course, among the tens of thousands of Albanians who are living as temporary settlers (rarely as permanent emigrants) in the United States that this movement has attained its most ambitious development. Its influence, moreover, is stronger in the South than in the North, and we gather that Mr. Peacock's travels were confined to Scutari and the Mallessori country. What he does—and does well—is to give a vivid impression of the wildness and strangeness of life in and around Scutari in the last years of Turkish rule. He writes with some humor and much kindness of the people. He gives some delightfully quaint pen-portraits of Turkish officials. He shows keen observation in his sketches of Albanian clans and their customs. One anecdote he tells particularly well. A man of a mountain clan had deserted his wife. Her brother made her cause his own, promptly shot her husband, and then, as a matter of course, faced the fact that his own life would now be shadowed by the fear of vengeance, and would

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probably end in his own sudden death from the rifle of a relative one evening on the hillside. But he had calmly allowed the sister herself to drift into Scutari with her child, and to live there as an abandoned beggar. These are savage morals.

The latter half of the book is occupied with a rather slight account of the political origin and prospects of the new State, and with a necessarily summary sketch of its ancient history. Mr. Peacock is, we think, unduly influenced by the race feud between Albanians and Slavs. With the Servians, who would, if they could, absorb the whole of North Albania, and whose conduct towards the too numerous Albanian subjects whom they have acquired, has been marked by ruthless cruelty and deliberate oppression, there can be nothing but enmity. But the Bulgarians, whom Mr. Peacock includes with the Serbs as the other branch of the Slav enemy-race, have no quarrel with the Albanians. On the contrary, the Bulgarians of Macedonia and the Albanians have a common grievance against their Serb conquerors, and did, in fact, make common cause in the futile rebellion of last autumn. Mr. Peacock suggests that Greeks and Albanians are natural allies, a view which wholly ignores the question of Epirus (which, by the way, he does not touch). The fact is that Bulgaria and Albania, as the two States which have been defrauded in the Balkan partition, are united in the desire to disturb it. With Mr. Peacock's general conclusion we are in full agreement. The new State contains valuable moral elements which may assure its prosperity, and undoubtedly its mineral resources promise a great development. The anxious question whether its feudal magnates can be broken to a sense of the common good can be settled only by time. What is unluckily certain is that the inequitable partition and the sentiment round the idea of an Albania Irredenta must make burdens for the new State and anxieties for its neighbors.

THE BROAD CHURCH MILITANT.

"Theological Room." By HUBERT HANDLEY. (Constable. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE impending resignation of the Rev. Hubert Handley, who has for the last twenty years filled the arduous and exacting post of ecclesiastical chief of one of the large working-class districts in the North of London, will remove a man of rare sterling and original capacity from the fighting line of metropolitan religious life. It is one of the incomprehensible ironies of the English Church, and one of the scandals of episcopal patronage when exercised by a mere episcopal partisan, that a man of Mr. Handley's high attainments and deep religious temper should have been left for twenty long years to struggle unheeded and unrewarded under the heavy burden of parochial cares. A man of Mr. Handley's gifts of character and intellect would have adorned any position—even the highest—in the Church of England. He has been left by our ecclesiastical authorities to wear himself out amid exacting and obscure surroundings, and when the historian of the English Church has read the volume of essays now before us—so steeped in thought, so serene in temper, so admirable in expression—he will wonder why the Church of this generation had so humble a place for such a distinguished son.

But Mr. Handley accurately gauges the situation in which he and men of a similar character are at present placed: "To be a Broad Church clergyman is within the Church at present to be unpopular. The tide is against the man. The ecclesiastical powers that be are politely deterrent. . . . The position exacts a sacrifice of personal advancement. But, happily, a clergyman cannot even kneel at the sick-bed of a poor old woman and say a simple prayer for her as he ought, unless he has first cast out of his own soul that one busy and particular devil—ecclesiastical ambition. A sacrifice here, or, indeed, in a hundred ways, will do the Liberal clergy no harm. It is the moral pre-requisite of duty and achievement." Mr. Handley feels the spirit of the age upon him, and in one of his chapters he discusses the effect of biblical criticism on the work of the Christian pastor. Historical inquiry into the origin, authorship, and contents of the Sacred Books of the Bible

has shown him that this great Book has ceased to be a lonely and unrelated portent, but has taken its place as one of the many sacred writings of mankind. "Verbal finality," he says, "is gone, detailed and immaculate certitude is gone, the old inspiration—prodigious and singular—is gone, and with it the old outward authority; gone is the old detachment, aloofness, from our common human story. But with the shedding of these faded attributes there have been unfolded in the Bible new glories of immensely fecund significance, and the very Spirit of the Book is perhaps beginning, for the first time, to break through its envelope into freedom." But what is the effect of this new attitude to the Bible when the pastor of the parish takes to street-preaching in the slums. Here, according to Mr. Handley, who has tried it, his disability culminates: "Here is a dirty, ignorant, candid, kind-hearted, spitting, swearing crowd. They gather round you—benevolent, puzzled, amused, ready for any new sensation, ready to listen. An ambassador of Jesus Christ ought to have something to say to them. I sometimes wish that writers in learned religious reviews could test their creed and their humanity with this experiment. Every man, of whatever erudition and mental distance from the mob, ought, if ever those brother men should surround him with their inquiring gaze, with those eyes so living, intent, pathetic, full of spirit, full of dull and moving kinship with himself—every man ought, then, to draw from the depths of his own humanity, and to impart to his hearers some word of help, some wave of charity."

Mr. Handley considers that one of the reasons the Church of England has such a small hold on the masses of the people is owing to what he calls the "fatal opulence of bishops." He boldly blames the Archbishop of York, who had been making apologies for episcopal incomes and episcopal palaces, for trifling with an immense discredit. And to the bishops as a whole he says: "You have clung to the trappings of the earthly magnate; you have remained rooted in your palaces. You have sat there offending and content within the obsolete chambers of ecclesiastical pride. You have looked out from your feudal windows with the eyes of a strange indolence. You have barred your immoderate coffers with the bolts of an awful impenitence. This is what you have done; and you have done it deliberately, in face of the imploring or the imprecating spirits of purification. The people know your default; the personal goodness of many among you cannot hide it, cannot cure it. The people know that, with your temporal pretensions, you have dug between you and them a moral gulf. They think of you as foreign to themselves, as foreign, moreover, to your own high calling. When they see you in the street, they see a stranger; they see, too, a figure of this world, averse from the unearthly biddings and potencies of the gospel." In Mr. Handley's view, the only chance of regaining the lapsed masses to the Church is for the bishops to quit their palaces.

It is because he is such a devoted son of the Church that he burns with indignation at what he considers the barriers which are standing between it and the English people as a whole. "I am at home," he says, "in this Church of England. I love it. The sacred influences of my life dawned within its fold. The memories of my childhood, of my first home, of my first attachments, are steeped in its benediction. Snatches from its liturgy, mottoes from its walls, legends from its windows, the awe of its music, the peace of its sanctuary—these woke the better man in me, gave me my first ideals, spelt out my first watchwords, introduced me to the things most high. If heaven lies about us in our infancy, heaven broke through the veil to me sacramentally in the worship of that wonderful Church." To those who tell him that he has ceased to believe the doctrines of the Church he says: "I declare my accord with the Church of England in a realm deeper than doctrine. My adhesion to this Church is ultra-rational. 'Là, où finit le raisonnement, commence la véritable certitude.' I believe in the spirit of the Church of England—the spirit which, through fifteen hundred years and more, projected, adumbrated the doctrines. There is a soul in this august institution. . . . All that is best in me is akin to it. My real self belongs to it, and it is intrinsically mine. At the root of things it is this, not dogmatic technique and propriety, which makes a churchman."

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NEW NOVELS

"The Justice of the Peace." By FREDERICK NIVEN. (Nash. 6s.)

"Louis Norbert." By VERNON LEE. (Lane. 6s.)

"The Royal Runaway." By LAURENCE HOUSMAN. (Chapman & Hall. 6s.)

MR. NIVEN, in his preface, apologizes for any shortcomings in construction this "family history of the Moirs" may exhibit, and thanks various critics whose "decent and honorable reviews" and "words of praise and dispraise" have been of value to him in the past. This receptive attitude of mind is so rare in authors that we hope Mr. Niven's critics will not take too great advantage of it and overwhelm him with their new suggestions! And, first, let us congratulate Mr. Niven on his clever handling of the business scenes in the Glasgow warehouse. The whole picture of Ebenezer Moir's "soft goods" business in Glasshouse Street, in which Martin, a boy of fifteen, enters after leaving school, is intensely living. The gossip of the clerks and travellers and heads of departments in this atmosphere of flanelettes and shirtings and winceys, and their attitude to Martin, their employer's son, the feel of the bustle and movement in the big warehouse—all this is conveyed with a sure and felicitous touch. Admirable in its ease and naturalness also is the portrait of the broad-minded, soft-hearted Mr. Moir, a Glasgow merchant of the old school, whose masculine sense and fatherly affection keep Martin off the dangerous rocks and shoals of adolescence. The lad, who wants to be an artist, has an uncommon gift for drawing, and when it is discovered that he has an abnormal color-vision, so unfitting him for his father's business, the tug-of-war between his parents begins. The author's theme is, in fact, the spiritual alienation of both the son and the father from Mrs. Moir, a hard and self-righteous nature, who is obsessed by her odious pride. From the day Martin gets his way and goes to study at the School of Art, Mrs. Moir becomes full of bitterness. She cannot stomach the idea that her son is going to be one of those idle artists, whose laxity and incapacity to make money are notorious. She is sceptical about his color-blindness, even after the oculist's verdict; she begins to spy on his innocent doings, which appear ominous in the atmosphere breathed by the ladies of the Kelvinside Purity League. Quite admirable is the author's handling of Martin's home-life, when his father's genial, tolerant wisdom and keen interest in his son's interests clash oddly with the growing irritation and acerbity of the wife and mother. This study of maternal love first soured, and ultimately poisoned by the microbe of distrustful moral righteousness, has the air of being done direct from life; but its artistic effect is, we think, lessened by the author deliberately broadening the picture, and utilizing it for the purpose of a general satiric attack on the female faddist. His artistic intention in painting Mrs. Moir against a background of societies for the reformation of other people's habits and morals is good, but there is a flavor of personal bitterness in the satire which impairs the objectivity of the picture. However, this flaw in method is not conspicuous in the general stir and movement of the scenes of Glasgow life, and we may note here that the best of these are not those that pass within the walls of the School of Art. Mr. Niven has drawn these last with a realistic exactitude that is almost professional; but the slight bias in favor of the life of Art does not balance well with the satire on feminine fussiness. The dramatic crisis is reached when Mrs. Moir's intolerable suspicions of "the nude" drive Martin into angry revolt. He leaves his home and finds employment in a jeweler's shop in Sauchiehall Street, and Book I. closes with Martin's momentary outbreak and his escape from the "unseemly society" of a doubtful lady. It would serve no purpose to follow in detail the second half of the "family history,"

which stretches over a period of many years. The analysis of the increasing alienation between husband and wife, due to her icy determination not to forgive the innocent prodigal is psychologically able, though the artistic effect would have gained by a more concentrated treatment. The climax of the drama, Mr. Moir's violent outbreak when his wife's fanatical letter to the press against the nude in Art appears to be aimed at Martin's wife, and Martin's own collapse and death on reading the letter, is cleverly presented. Critics are difficult to satisfy, and we own we should have preferred a subtler and less sweeping tragedy of this "unco' guid" woman killing her over-patient husband, with son and mother gazing at one another over the dead body. However, Mr. Moir's death follows close on his son's, and so this very striking piece of character-study ends with what musicians term "a full close."

Of its kind, Vernon Lee's essay in historical fiction is a clever example, but we are inclined to believe that the accomplished authoress would have done better to have treated her subject, "Italian Life in the Seventeenth Century," as Pater dealt with French life in his "Gaston de Latour." An ancient story, reconstructed piece by piece, and presented in letters passing between two modern correspondents, is apt to drag, and neither Lady Venetia Hammond, the "delightful" Bluestocking, who ferrets out from ancestral muniments the true history of Louis Norbert's birth and death, nor the young archaeologist who receives her fascinating, erudite confidences, are—well, characters one would listen to all day. And, to be frank, we hear a little too much of Lady Venetia's "intellectual prestige" and overpowering prescience as a Sybil of culture. The modern framework, in short, is not quite worthy of the historical picture it encloses. It is only when we get free of the maze of historical conjectures, and the sprightly, polemical scholarship of the lady that the author does herself justice. The passages that purport to be the authentic letters from Louis Norbert, written in 1684, on his Italian tour, to his English friend, Sir Anthony Thesiger, on the other hand, most artfully reproduce the spirit of their period, and the glimpses they give of Roman and Pisan society are high perfect in atmospheric truth. Particularly ably drawn is the character of the Abbé Manfredini, "spy and assassin in the pay of the French Court," who compasses successfully the victim's death. It is certainly a proof of Vernon Lee's skill that, though we are slightly bored by Lady Venetia's assiduity, we follow her conjectures with increasing interest, and never doubt the truth of her demonstration that the luckless Louis Norbert was indeed the legitimate son of Louis XIV. by Maria Mancini, the niece of Cardinal Mazarin. The identification of the baby who was spirited away at birth from the castle at Brouage, by Mazarin's orders, and afterwards conveyed secretly to England, is cleverly done, and, along with the young archaeologist, we surrender our scepticism as to Louis XIV.'s secret marriage at the point of Lady Venetia's sword. Good but less convincing in style is the Autobiography of Artemesia, poetess and abbess, who falls in love with the unlucky English chevalier, but cannot save him from the Abbé Manfredini's machinations. As we have said, "Louis Norbert" is excellent of its kind, but it is a kind which, of course, will be caviare to the general.

No doubt Mr. Housman enjoyed himself much in inventing and contriving all the artful springs and entanglements of his sustained satire, "The Royal Runaway," but is it not too much in the nature of a piece of ingenious literary machinery to be convincing as art? That Mr. Housman probably cares little whether his dexterous fantasy does convey much illusion of life is the cardinal point at issue. He may say that he wishes to present a satirical commentary on Jingalo's social and political life, that he aims at expending his irony on custom and habit, on conventions, ideas, and manners, and that his fantastic tapestry, with its bizarre dance of personages and populace, is as near to the pressure and movement of life as it suits him to get. And to this reply the critic can, of course, only murmur a commonplace about tastes differing. Perhaps the substance of our complaint is that the satire itself, sustained at such length and spread over so large a field of social activities, becomes too monotonous in tone, just as though we were asked to view a landscape through a lens colored blue or red. However, whatever may be the general verdict on the artistic quality



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ANNUAL REPORT AND BALANCE SHEET, JUNE 30, 1914.

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EXTRACTS FROM ANNUAL REPORT.

The Directors of Farrow's Bank, Limited, have pleasure in presenting to the Shareholders the accompanying Statement of the Accounts of the Bank for the year ended June 30th, 1914.

The net profit, including the balance of £6,664 14s. 5d. from last account, is £37,476 4s. 8d. The Directors have added £7,500 to the Reserve Fund; have paid an interim dividend for the half-year ended 31st December, 1913, amounting to £7,974 3s. 3d., and now recommend the payment of a final dividend of 4 per cent. less Income Tax, which will absorb the sum of £13,637 15s. 1d., making a total dividend of 7 per cent. for the year. The sum of £8,104 6s. 4d., being undivided profit, has been carried forward to the next financial year.

The following Table gives the Credit Balances of the Current and Deposit Accounts, and the total Assets on the 30th June in each year, since the incorporation of the Bank under the Companies Acts:—

	Current Accounts.		Deposit Accounts.		Assets.		Dividends.	
	£	s. d.	£	s. d.	£	s. d.	£	s. d.
1908	...	87,625 13 2	...	78,679 4 5	...	228,285 17 4	...	6 per cent.
1909	...	114,333 7 10	...	170,008 3 7	...	358,390 0 2	...	6 " "
1910	...	203,973 16 9	...	350,465 15 6	...	638,306 6 8	...	7 " "
1911	...	282,356 13 0	...	438,940 14 6	...	875,880 4 7	...	7 " "
1912	...	294,631 4 1	...	494,081 8 6	...	1,031,135 13 2	...	7 " "
1913	...	336,875 0 3	...	643,075 17 10	...	1,277,533 14 4	...	7 " "
1914	...	397,940 13 0	...	838,804 17 0	...	1,649,604 0 7	...	7 " "

The recently published Official Return of all Metropolitan and Provincial Joint Stock Banks having a Capital of £1,000,000 upwards, giving the proportion of capital and reserve to liabilities, shows that Farrow's Bank, Ltd., again occupies the first place, with a percentage of 29, as compared with percentages in the other cases varying from 23 per cent. to 7 per cent.

The Bank's Commercial Stocks and Shares, Investment, Foreign Business and other Departments, have largely contributed to the profits earned during the year.

New Branches have been opened at Ilford and Edgware Road, and others are about to be opened at Newcastle, Southport, Halifax, and Richmond (Surrey).

Balance Sheet, 30th June, 1914.

LIABILITIES.		ASSETS.	
£	s. d.	£	s. d.
Capital:—		Cash:—	
1,000,000 Shares of		In hand and at	
£1 each.		Bankers	122,613 10 7
700,000 Shares		Reserve Fund, Con-	
Issued.		sols (at 75) ...	37,500 0 0
Reserve		Investments:—	
£338,757		Consols, Govern-	
Amount called up		ment Guaranteed	
£362,834		Stocks, British,	
Amount paid up ...	353,616 8 8	Foreign and	
Reserve Fund (In-		Colonial Railway	
vested as per		Debenture and	
Contra) ...	37,500 0 0	Preference Stocks,	
Current and other		Freehold	
Accounts ...	397,940 13 0	and Leasehold Prop-	
Deposit Accounts		erties, and other	
(subject to notice)	838,804 17 6	Investments, less	
Net Profit		depreciation ...	550,738 19 0
(including		Advances to Cust-	
balance		omers, Loans, Bills	
from last £ s. d.		discounted, and	
account) 37,476 4 8		other Accounts,	
Reserve		after deducting	
Fund, In-		provision for bad	
terim Divi-		and doubtful debts	860,557 6 2
dend, &c. 15,734 3 3		Bank Premises and	
		Fittings, less de-	
		preciation ...	78,194 4 1
	21,742 1 5		
			£1,649,604 0 7
	£1,649,604 0 7		

AUDITORS' REPORT.

We REPORT TO THE SHAREHOLDERS that in accordance with the provisions of the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908, we have obtained all required information and explanations respecting the above Balance Sheet. We have verified the Cash Balances, Bills, and Investments set forth therein. We have also examined the Securities, Books, and Vouchers of the Bank, and in our opinion the said Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Bank's affairs according to the best of our information and explanations received, and as shown by the Books of the Bank.

London, 20th July, 1914.

HART & CO.,
Chartered Accountants, } Auditors.

of the author's vision, one cannot but recognize the intellectual energy and satanic dexterity of the narrative. In this sequel to "John of Jingalo," we see the disillusioned monarch making a successful dash for liberty, and, getting clear of palace and throne, he takes refuge in "apartments" in a cathedral town, where an amiable landlady mothers him, and the two have illuminating little talks on things in general. These domestic interludes form a series of pleasant oases in the satiric landscape, and Mr. Housman turns positively human in the scenes where the other lodger, Mr. Jakes, the bellringer, is introduced, and the delights of the "peal-masters" are expounded. Excellent also are Mrs. Mack's cogitations and growing suspicions as to the social status of her lodger. "Mr. King" has arrived at her house without money, but with a quantity of jewels and dazzling orders. She rejects the idea that her eccentric lodger had been "a caretaker to a duke's house, kept vacant through a missing will," and falls back upon the theory that he had "married money." "A lady who wore large gasolier ornaments on her breast, kept six dogs, and gave their prize-money in charity, must have been a body of considerable importance to the world while she lived." But, finally, Mrs. Mack "finds out." The satire on political anomalies and social petrefactions contains much penetrating humor, and our criticism above is merely directed against its artistic form, and not against its spirit.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

The Technique of Painting. By C. MOREAU-VAUTHIER. Illustrated in Color and Black and-White. (Heinemann. 10s 6d. net.)

WHEN Leonardo da Vinci, Cellino Cennini, and Vasari wrote their treatises upon the technique of painting, technique was a subject which every painter, who wished to be recognized as such, was obliged to study long and conscientiously. Cennini estimated that it required about thirteen years to obtain the desired mastery. Nowadays artists cannot afford that period of probation; ready-made materials and methods are the short cut which offers itself to excellence, and the tendency is to take the fullest advantage of these. As a result, to cite M. Moreau-Vauthier, "Progress in artistic vision, decadence in method of execution—such, in brief, is the verdict that must be pronounced on the nineteenth century" and the twentieth. The few, however, who aim at material permanence for their works may derive a good deal of assistance from this interesting and useful book, for its author has spared no pains to make his examination of the subject exhaustive. Every form of painting is described, analyzed, commented upon. M. Moreau-Vauthier has delved deep in the science of colors, and with the assistance of the scholarly French painter, Etienne Dinet, who supplies the preface, of Couture, of Delacroix, and others, artists and scientists, who have written scientifically of art, he probes the various causes of a picture's deterioration. Much of Delacroix's own painting has suffered the ravages of time. Our author describes him as "reckless" in method; but he was reckless only as Reynolds was reckless, because he was for ever experimenting. It is curious how the works of some of the most punctilious painters prove their theory to have been stronger than their practice. The cracked surface of Ingres is the most striking example. Watteau, one learns with some surprise, was guilty of a muddled and unclean palette. There are admirable chapters on the restorer's art, on the lining and transfer of old paintings, with examples selected from famous masterpieces that have undergone treatment of this kind; much also about the actual methods of the old masters. Indeed, the curiosity that always waits upon the rise, growth, and perhaps decay of a masterpiece can satisfy itself in innumerable pages of this ably written treatise.

"The Way." By ARNOLD URE. (Methuen. 5s. net.)

THIS semi-scientific, semi-philosophic treatise is an attempt to expound "the relation which man bears to the created universe" by correlating the aspirations of religion, the investigations of science, and the rationalism of philo-

sophy into a final synthesis. The author makes no attempt to break new ground, or, indeed, to step beyond the security of the more cautious re-valuations of modern philosophic empiricism. He disowns the materialistic interpretation of evolution, as Wallace has done before him, but his definitions, unlike those of Bergson, mostly avoid the uncharted regions of abstract theory. Matter, with him, is an "evanescent manifestation" in the scheme of creation, only permanent through its translation into energy. Energy, blended by radiations with infinity, is the link between the two. The progressive evolution of man, therefore, through the various planes of existence, is arrived at by the elimination of his grosser attributes. It will be noticed that a good deal of Mr. Ure's thinking is decidedly Buddhistic in texture, intermingled with rather vague appeals to Pantheistic doctrine. The book is more a speculation as to the ultimate destiny of man, reinforced by biological, physiological, and mathematical illustration, and by an exposition of the working of natural laws, rather than an examination of philosophic principles. The worst that can be said of it is that the conclusions, deduced from a lengthy discussion of universal premisses, are thin and partial, and that the study as a whole is inclined to be half-baked and amateurish.

"The Lesson of the Anglo-American Peace Centenary." By OLIVER BAINBRIDGE. (Heath, Cranton, & Onseley. 2s. 6d. net.)

THIS book is chiefly notable for the messages from a hundred and twenty-one men and women on both sides of the Atlantic which it contains. They range in alphabetical order from the late Duke of Argyll and Dr. Lyman Abbott, to Mr. Andrew D. White and Mr. Zangwill, and give testimony to the widespread and deep feeling which now exists in favor of friendly relations between this country and the United States. The celebration of the centenary of peace between the two countries has excited a volume of feeling which should make any future breaking of it little short of impossible.

The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning. July 24.	Price Friday morning. July 31.
Consols	75½	69
Midland Deferred	70½	63
Mexican Railway Ordinary	34	30½
Chinese 5 p.c., 1896	101½	98
Union Pacific	161	115
Turkish Unified	81	78
Brazilian 4 p.c., 1889	72	64

"FOR the worst panic of my time," said an old City man, who remembered the Overend-Gurney panic of 1866. Never has there been anything so sudden and so universal. Never have the complexities and subtle ramifications of international commerce and finance (which recognize no national boundaries) been so dramatically exposed. With the Bourses of St. Petersburg, Vienna, Buda Pesth, Barcelona, &c., absolutely closed, and with semi-suspension in Paris, and in nearly all other Continental Bourses, London became more than ever the dumping-ground for European securities. The slump on Monday was so terrific that on Tuesday morning, when the Stock Exchange met, members discovered a tacit agreement among brokers not to deal. Several failures were announced. Then the Government broker came in and bought Consols, and this gave a little tone to the market. At first, pusillanimous proposals that the London Stock Exchange should be closed for the protection of some of its members were rejected; but on Friday morning this desperate and unprecedented step was taken. If the war spreads to Germany and France, most people think that something like a moratorium will have to be proclaimed in the City of London. The Bank Act, it is said, would in that case have to be suspended; for even on Wednesday and Thursday all credits were viewed with suspicion, and business was practically on a cash basis. The movements on the foreign Exchanges have been wild beyond precedent, and the con-

FURNESS, WITHY & COMPANY, LTD.

THE annual meeting of the above Company was held on Saturday, July 25th, at West Hartlepool. Sir Stephen W. Furness, Bart., M.P., who presided, said: It was pleasing to be able to congratulate the shareholders upon a very satisfactory year's trading. It was well known that there had been a considerable shrinkage in freight rates as compared with the abnormally high rates prevailing during the previous twelve months. This applied in a marked degree to a particular period covered by the accounts. Under these circumstances he could not but feel that they would be pleased that the profits of their Company had maintained so high a level. This was due to the fact that they were not dependent entirely upon the earnings of their steamers, and while the depression in shipping must necessarily affect a section of the profits of the Company, they had nevertheless demonstrated by past experience that the results of such depression had been largely counteracted by the varied nature of our interests. Having dealt with the balance-sheet, he said it was very pleasing to find that their dividends from investments had been more than maintained. In the Report of two years ago they informed the shareholders that they had purchased a substantial interest in Messrs. Houlder Brothers & Co., Limited. Since he and Mr. Lewis joined the Board of this Company the business had shown great expansion; in fact, there had already been added to the allied fleets no less than 19 steamers, in addition to which they had under construction with Messrs. Irvines at the present time a further nine vessels. The foregoing, however, did not exhaust the advantages which had been gained by their association with Messrs. Houlder Brothers, as, apart from the tonnage above referred to, three meat-steamers, constructed for the British and Argentine Steam Navigation Company, Limited—in which their Company owned the whole of the share capital—were employed in the chilled and frozen meat trade between the River Plate and Liverpool, in conjunction with the two sister vessels owned by the Houlder interests. These twin-screw vessels were the largest meat carriers in the world, and their working had been so satisfactory that contracts had been entered into with the principal companies engaged in the meat trade for a similar service over a period of ten years to the Port of London. In order to operate these contracts, a separate Company had been formed, viz., the Furness-Houlder Argentine Lines, Limited—of which their Company would control three-fifths and the Houlder interests two-fifths, and for which five twin-screw refrigerated vessels were now being constructed. In connection with this new Company it had been arranged to issue £500,000 Five per Cent. First Mortgage Debentures at 95, the prospectus of which would appear shortly. The shareholders of Furness, Withy & Co., Limited, and Houlders would receive preferential allotment. The Debentures were well secured and yield a good return.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

THRELFALL'S BREWERY CO., LTD.

THE twenty-sixth annual general meeting of Threlfall's Brewery Co., Ltd., was held on Thursday at Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., Mr. Charles Threlfall, J.P., chairman of the Company, presiding.

The Chairman said: It gives me the greatest possible pleasure in asking you to adopt a report and statement of accounts which no doubt you will consider equally as gratifying as those of past years. By comparing the figures with last year you will readily observe that our business has improved, and your directors feel justified in recommending an increase in the dividend to 10 per cent. for the half-year to June 30th, which, with the interim dividend already paid at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum, makes 9 per cent. for the year. I am sure this will be most welcome to our numerous shareholders.

The profit on our trading account for the year just ended amounts to £209,368, against £197,952 last year, an increase of £11,415. We have written off for depreciation the sum of £50,599, against £43,744 last year, an increase of £6,854, added £1,000 to the Workmen's Compensation Fund, and carried forward the sum of £39,691 to next year. These figures require no words of mine to commend them to your favorable consideration. You can rest assured that my colleagues and myself will continue to devote our closest attention to the affairs of the Company, so that our present strong financial position may be maintained.

I beg now to move the adoption of the report and accounts, and that dividends be paid at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on the Preference shares, and at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum on the Ordinary shares for the half-year ended June 30th, which, with the interim dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum, makes 9 per cent. for the year.

Mr. P. J. Feeny seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously without discussion.

Mr. M. C. Buszard, K.C., in proposing a vote of thanks to the chairman, directors, and staff, said it was satisfactory to find that when Consols, our premier security, were rushing up and down, the securities of that company were unmoved, and that the debentures were firm at the price at which they had been for some years past. He did not think there could be a better security than the debentures of that Company. They amounted in round figures to £1,350,000, and were secured on properties which were valued in the balance-sheet at more than £2,500,000, and he almost ventured to think that the amount at which they appeared in the balance-sheet was very much below the price which they would realize if they were placed on the market.

Prudential Assurance Company, Ltd.

HOLBORN BARS, LONDON.

Invested Funds : : : : £85,000,000
Claims Paid : : : : £100,000,000

BANKING.

PARR'S BANK, LIMITED.

Notice is hereby given that the RATE of INTEREST allowed by this Bank at the Head Office and Metropolitan Branches on Deposit at seven days' call is 2½ per cent. per annum until further notice.

R. W. WHALLEY, Director and General Manager.
Bartholomew Lane, E.C. 30th July, 1914.

THE LONDON JOINT STOCK BANK, LIMITED

Notice is hereby given that the RATE of INTEREST allowed at the Head Office and London Branches of this Bank on Deposits subject to seven days' notice of withdrawal is this day advanced to 2½ per cent. per annum.

CHARLES GOW, General Manager.
5, Princes Street, Mansion House. 30th July, 1914.

SYMONS' CYDER



Skillfully manufactured from the finest Devonshire Cyder Apples grown in our own orchards. Awarded many first-class medals. Sold by Wine Merchants and Stores at home and abroad. Send for free sample bottle, and state if "Dry" or "Sweet" Cyder is preferred, or our non-intoxicating "Sydrina."

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CYDER

ditions in Berlin may be judged from the fact that, at one time, nearly twenty-one marks were bid for a sovereign. At the same time, a premium on gold was established in Paris. The market borrowed so heavily at the Bank of England that the raising of the official rate on Thursday from 3 to 4 per cent. caused no surprise.

The outlook in the Money Market is thus overcast by the fear of European War. Apart from that the rates would have remained easy for some weeks. But it is worth while to consider it apart from war apprehensions. As to trade, the reports we have received from our country branches, said Sir Felix Schuster in his address last week, "tell almost uniformly of diminishing industrial activity, and to a general fear that the tendency in this direction is likely to continue." On the other hand, "there is no symptom of over-trading or speculation." And, on the whole, there is reason to agree with Sir Felix in his hope that the trade depression, if war is averted, will be less disastrous than usual. One may add that, as a result of Old Age Pensions and Unemployment Insurance, the demand of the working classes for food, clothing, boots, &c., is not likely to fall off as it did in years gone by. Another hopeful circumstance is the increased trade with the United States as a result of the American tariff reduction. But it is useless to suggest, in view of the Stock Exchange panics and the telegrams from abroad, that bankruptcies in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg will not spread. In fact, the confidence of those who still believe in the maintenance of peace rests mainly upon the financial and economic prostration of countries which have been ruined or half-ruined by war and armaments.

THE SLUMP IN STOCKS.

The Continental panic has been responsible for a great deal of the selling in London, and, coming just at the end of the account, it caught London operators at a very bad moment, so that the failures announced this week are not in the least surprising. Consols fell below 70 on Thursday, and Irish Land Stock went down at the same rate. How great was the fall during the account is shown by the following list of prices:—

	July 8.	July 27.	Fall.
City of Baku 5 per cent. bonds ...	94½	91	3½
Argentine 4 per cent. bonds ...	80½	78½	2½
Brazil 5 per cent., 1913 ...	83½	81	2½
Chilian 5 per cent., 1911 ...	97	93	4
Chinese 5 per cent. Reorg. Loan ...	89½	88½	1
Japanese 4 per cent., 1905 ...	82½	80½	1½
Russian 4½ per cent., 1909 ...	99½	94	5½
Great Northern Def. ...	51½	47	4½
Lancs. and Yorks. ...	81½	72½	9
London and North-Western ...	129	124½	4½
Midland Def. ...	72½	67½	4½
South-Eastern Def. ...	47½	36	11½
Canadian Pacific ...	198½	176	22½
Grand Trunk, 2nd Pref. ...	83	73½	9½
Pennsylvania ...	87½	85½	1½
Union Pacific ...	160½	155	5½
B.A. Pacific ...	65½	55½	10
B.A. Great Southern ...	112	105½	6½
Central Argentine Ord. ...	102½	95½	7

These were some of the most severe falls in investment stocks during the account. In most cases prices have since fallen further, but a small recovery took place in Argentine Rails on supporting purchases by investors. Where prices are firm they are largely nominal, and, in some cases, dealings are not possible at official list prices. The present moment undoubtedly offers chances of securing bargains, but the difficulty lies in finding the necessary funds without selling stocks already held. On the theory that stocks which have fallen most have the greatest chance of recovery, one might sell investments which have not declined much in

order to purchase those which have slumped most severely; but when the investor goes to the market, he frequently finds that, though prices may not have fallen much on paper, the stocks he offers for sale find no buyers, and the securities he owns, which do command a free market, have tumbled to prices at which he is not a willing seller. In the present crisis, stocks commanding international markets have fallen most, while Home securities have nominally remained comparatively steady. If the crisis is of long duration, the home investor may permanently favor Home securities more; but if the crisis is short-lived, the Continent will buy back its favorites, and cause prices to rebound sharply. The Stock Exchange adopted a policy on Wednesday morning which practically amounted to a suspension of dealings, sales being a matter of negotiation. This had the effect of staving off speculative bear sales which might have demoralized the market and produced a panic at once. The chances therefore may favor those who can go into the market with ready money to take up purchases.

RAILWAY DIRECTORS.

Last week I referred to the American Railway Commission's Report on the New Haven scandals. It is curious that so soon after Lord Claud Hamilton's eulogy of American railways, and his choice of an American manager for the Great Eastern, that American railway management should have fallen under such general discredit in the United States. The American railways have been largely run by Presidents who have been practically dictators, and have often been largely occupied in feathering their own nests. They have been associated with directors who should have saved the unfortunate shareholders, for whom they are trustees. Unfortunately, as a Boston financial paper puts it, a director under the old régime "was often merely the President's dummy or agent, chosen in his interest for the purpose of conforming to Corporation law." And the New Haven scandal shows that the office of railway director in the United States still retains "a good deal of its irresponsible character, and many directors still blindly follow their old habit of approving, without thought, every proposal of the President." The tendency of public opinion and of public policy in the United States is to affix a personal responsibility to the directors, and to punish them if they do not do their duty by the shareholders. The Grenfell wreck is suggesting that legislation in this direction may eventually be necessary in the United Kingdom, for it seems to be likely here, as in the Lipton case, that social influences will prevent any thorough examination of the scandals that have occurred.

BOOTS' NEW ISSUES.

Boots' Pure Drug Company, the manufacturing concern and parent of the companies owning the well-known shops, is offering £150,000 7 per cent. "D" Preferred Ordinary £1 shares at 24s. 6d. per share, and one of the subsidiaries, Boots' Cash Chemists (Southern) is offering £150,000 6 per cent. cumulative "C" Preference shares at 23s. per share. Neither of the companies issue annual reports, although the business is so well known; but the conditions certify the profits at figures which provide an ample margin of security for the dividends on the Preference shares now offered. The companies are all under almost the personal management of Sir Jesse Boot; in fact, they are practically private companies owned by him; the only disadvantages are those attaching to investment in such concerns. The Pure Drug shares yield nearly 5½ per cent., and the others, where dividend is guaranteed by the Pure Drug Company for five years, return nearly 5¼ per cent.

LUCELLUM.

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Funds Exceed £23,500,000.

Income Exceeds £5,500,000.

Chief Offices: LONDON, 61, Threadneedle Street; EDINBURGH, 64, Princes Street.

